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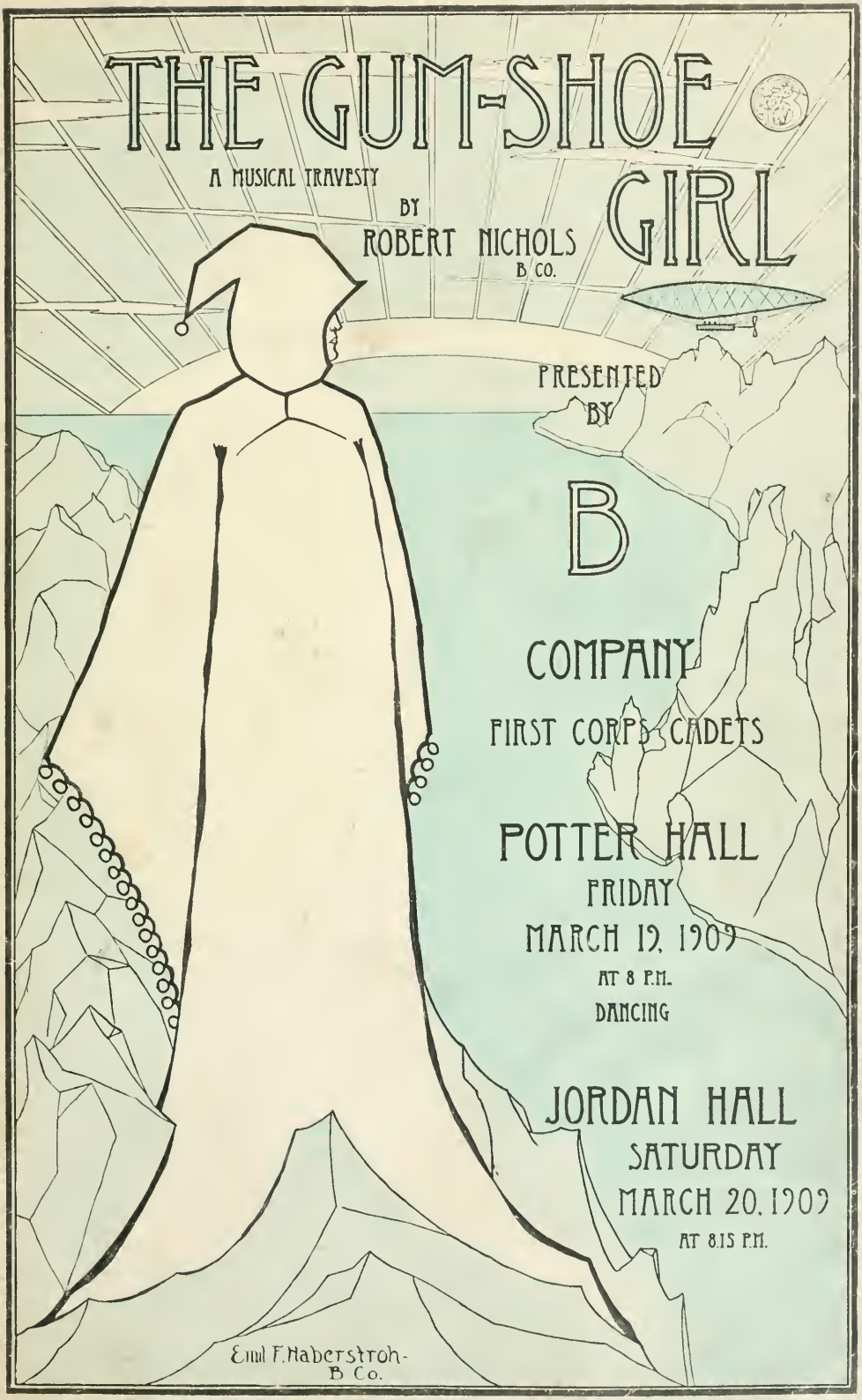
THE GUM-SHOE GIRL
A MUSICAL TRAVESTY
BY
ROBERT NICHOLS
B CO.
PRESENTED
BY
B
COMPANY
FIRST CORPS CADETS
POTTER HALL
FRIDAY
MARCH 19, 1909
AT 8 P.M.
DANCING
JORDAN HALL
SATURDAY
MARCH 20, 1909
AT 8.15 P.M.
Emil F. Haberstroh-
B Co.

The Gum-Shoe Girl

A Musical Travesty

By

ROBERT NICHOLS

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/42G85

Opening Chorus Act. I.

"DING-DONG"

Words and Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.

INTROD.
Allegro.

PIANO.

Chorus.

Ding, Dong, ding-a-ding dong,

Hail to the glorious midnight sun, Ding Dong ding-a-ding dong Our cel-e-bra-tions

just be-gun. Ding Dong ding-a-ding dong Joyous now we sing our song,

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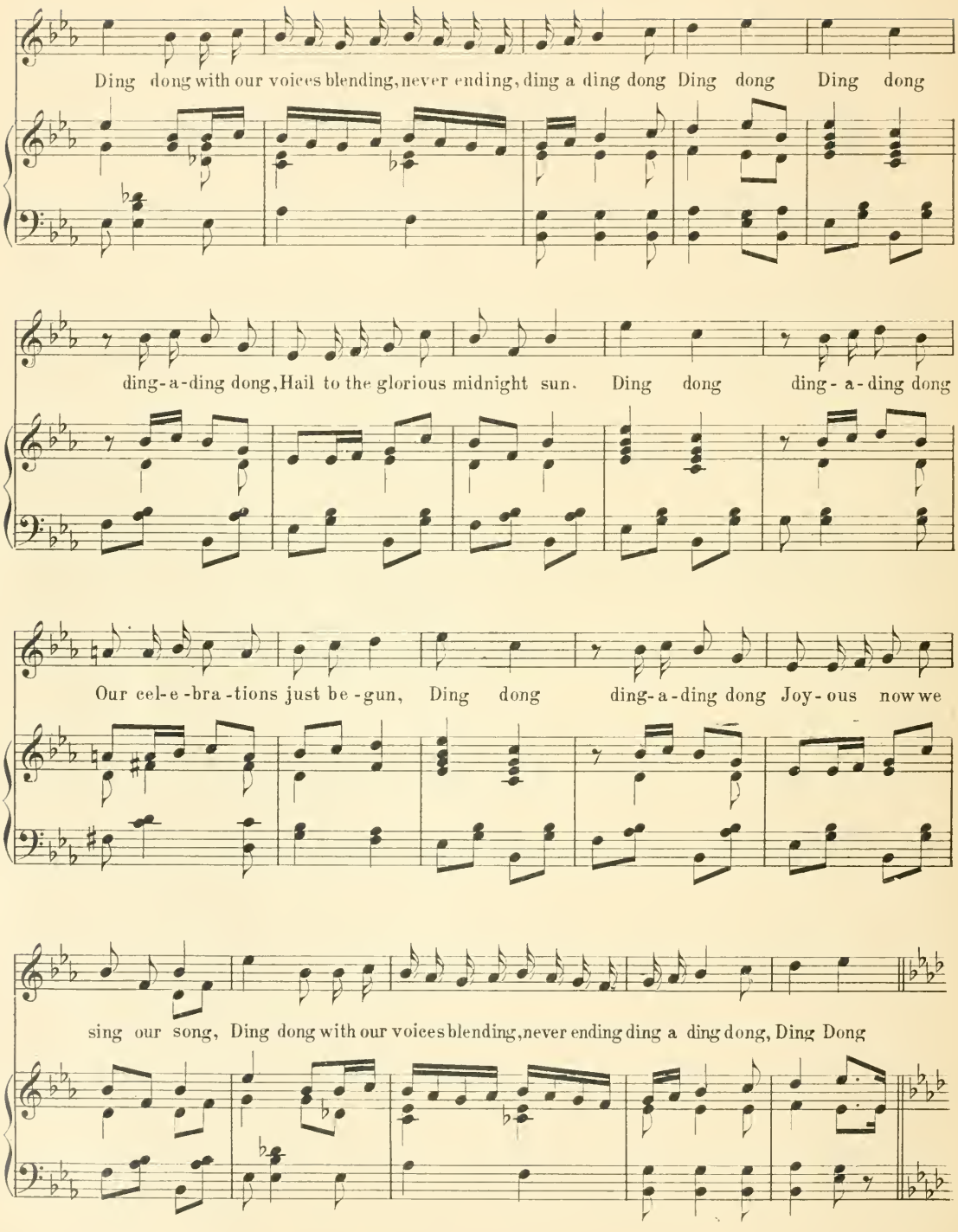
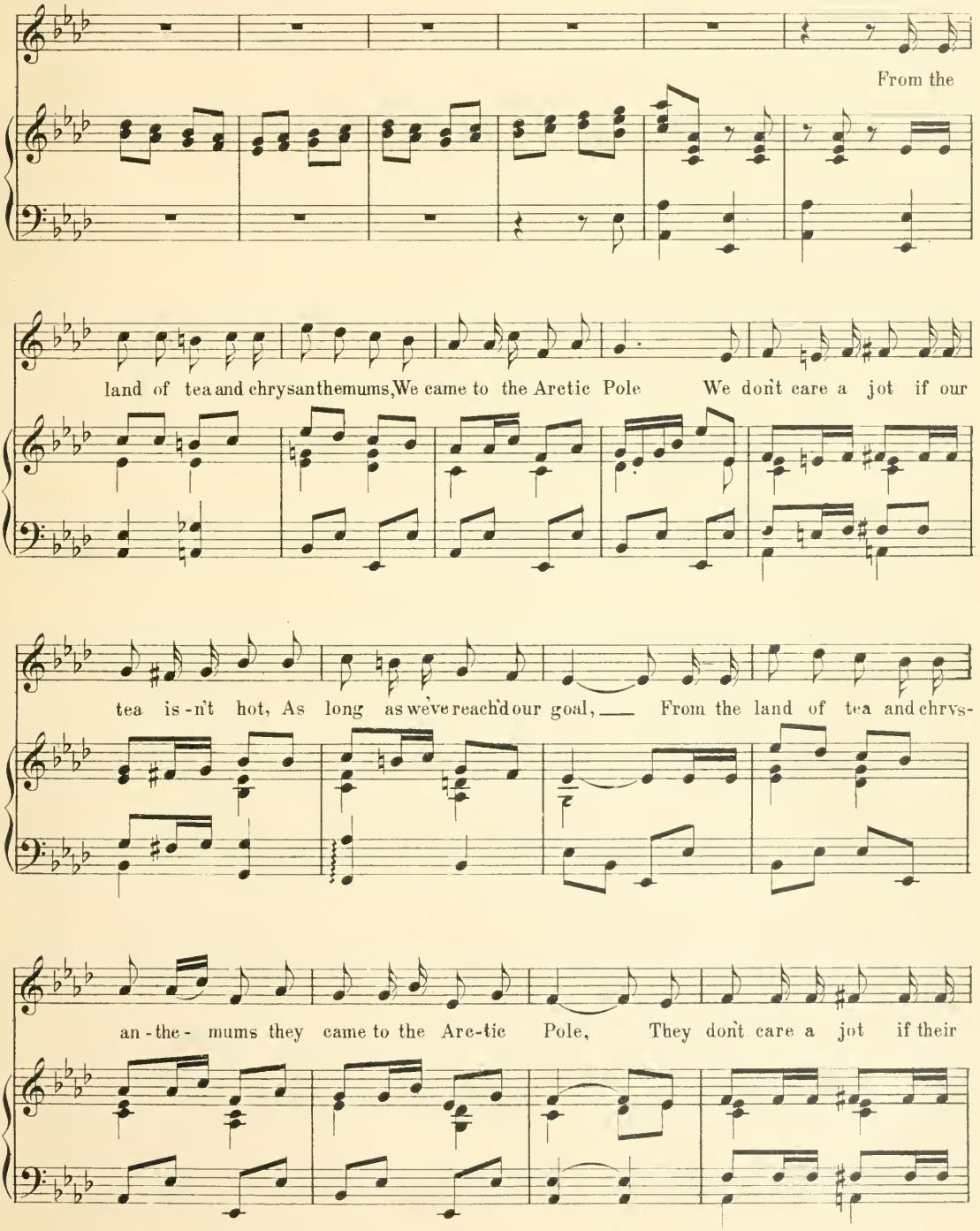
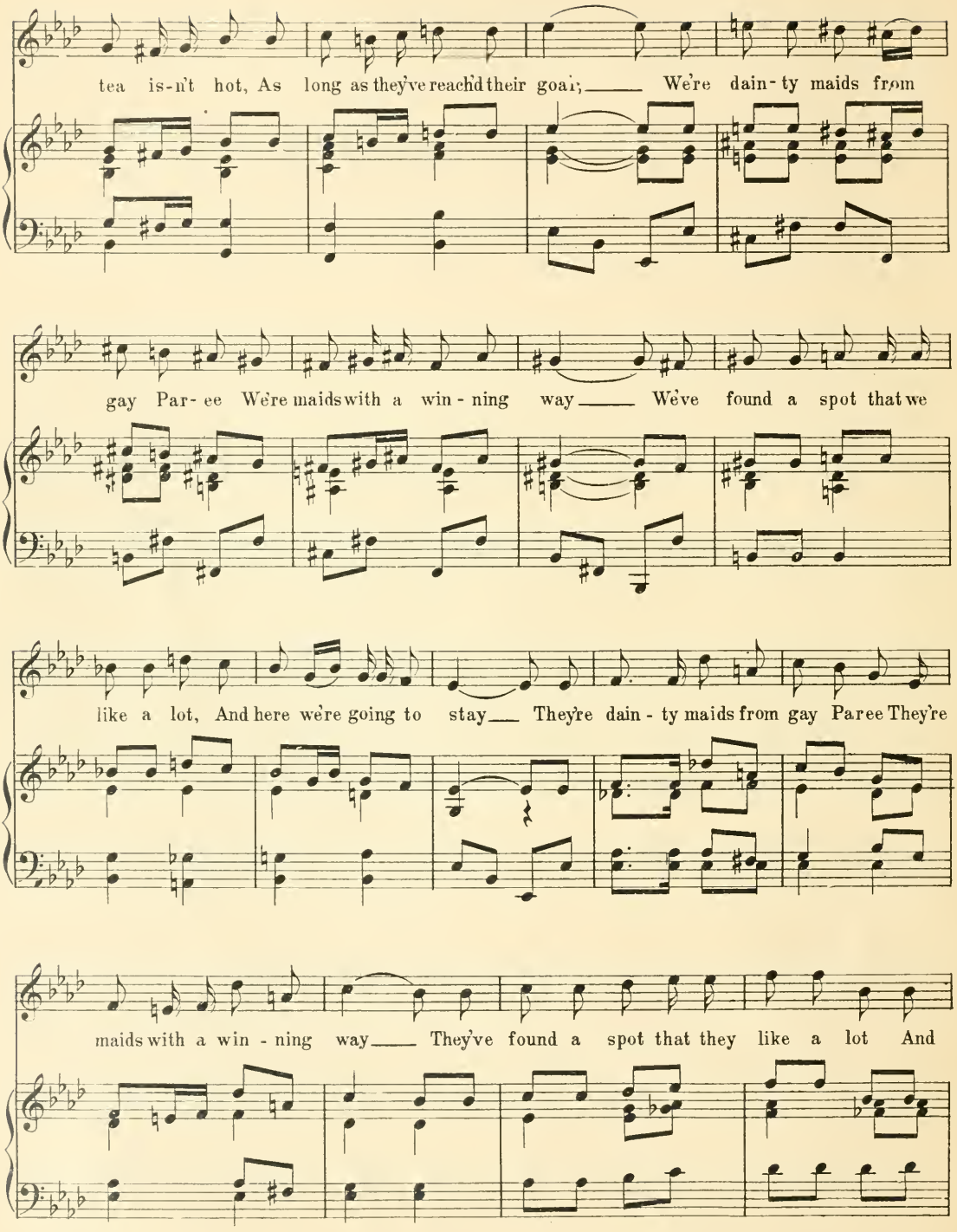
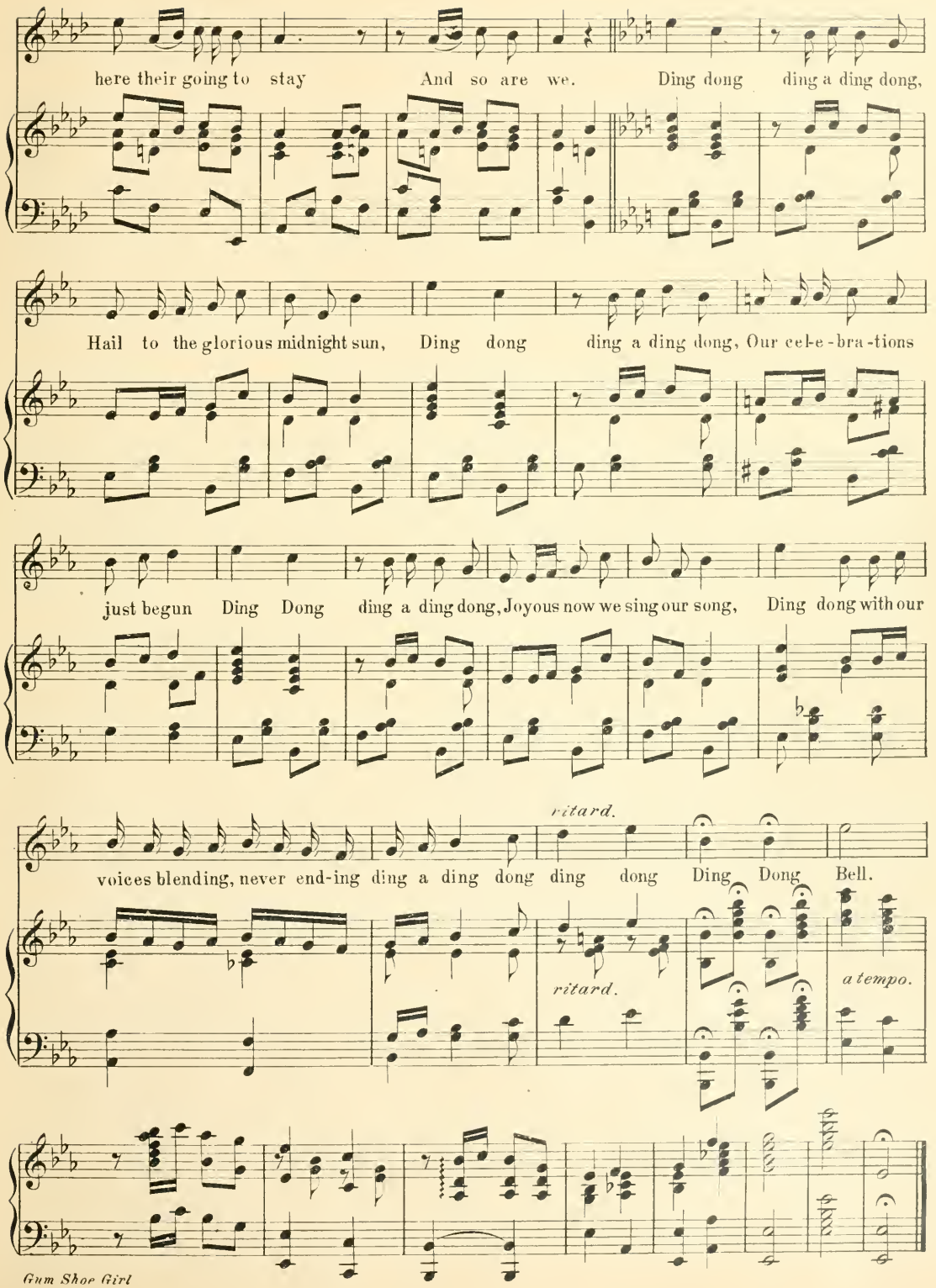

Ding dong with our voices blending, never ending, ding a ding dong Ding dong Ding dong
ding-a-ding dong, Hail to the glorious midnight sun. Ding dong ding-a-ding dong
Our cel-e-bra-tions just be-gun, Ding dong ding-a-ding dong Joy-ous now we
sing our song, Ding dong with our voices blending, never ending ding a ding dong, Ding Dong


From the
land of tea and chrysanthemums, We came to the Arctic Pole We don't care a jot if our
tea is-n't hot, As long as we've reach'd our goal, — From the land of tea and chrys-
an-the- mums they came to the Arc-tic Pole, They don't care a jot if their

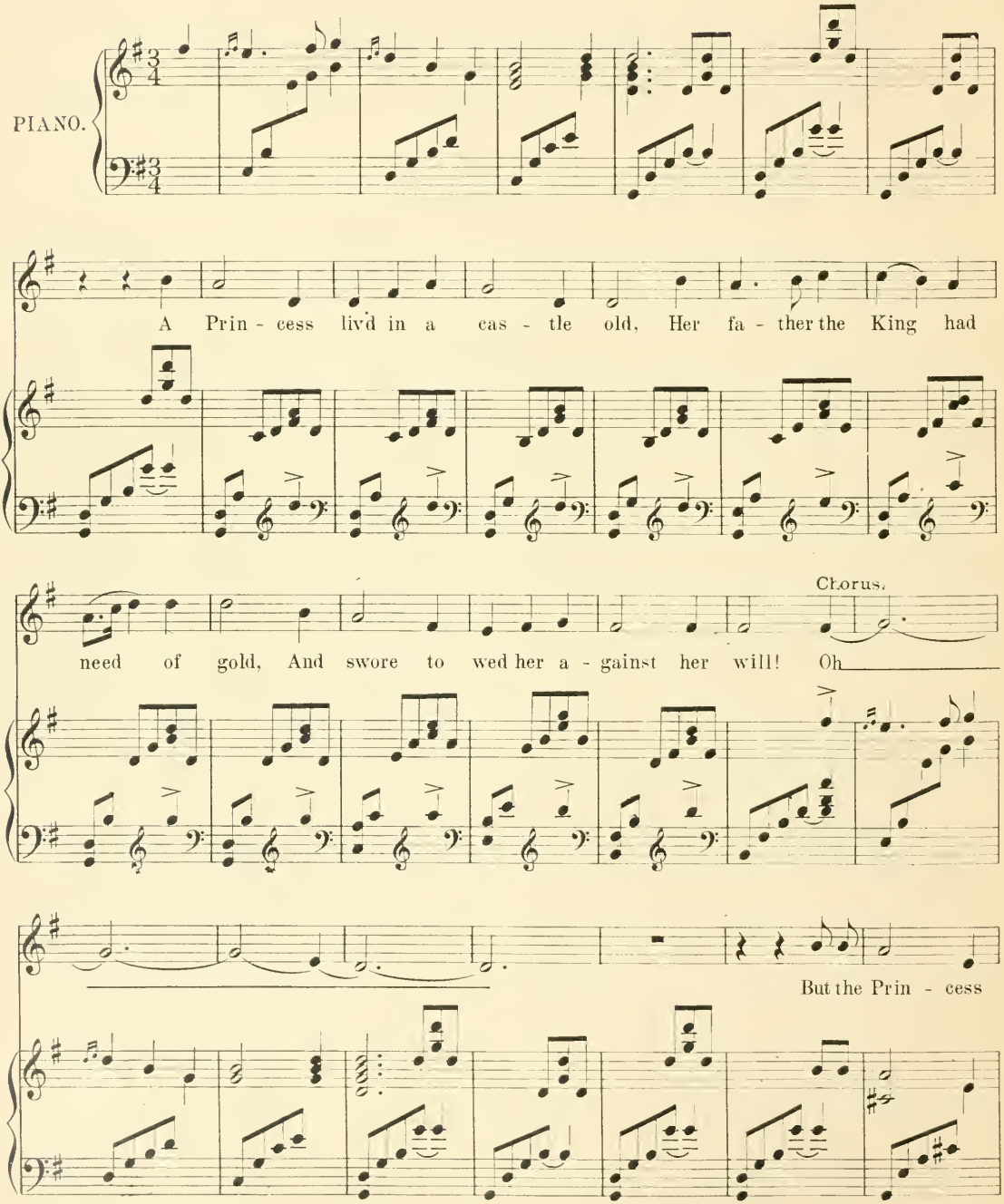

tea is-n't hot, As long as they've reach'd their goal; We're dain-ty maids from
gay Par-ee We're maids with a win-ning way We've found a spot that we
like a lot, And here we're going to stay They're dain-ty maids from gay Paree They're
maids with a win-ning way They've found a spot that they like a lot And

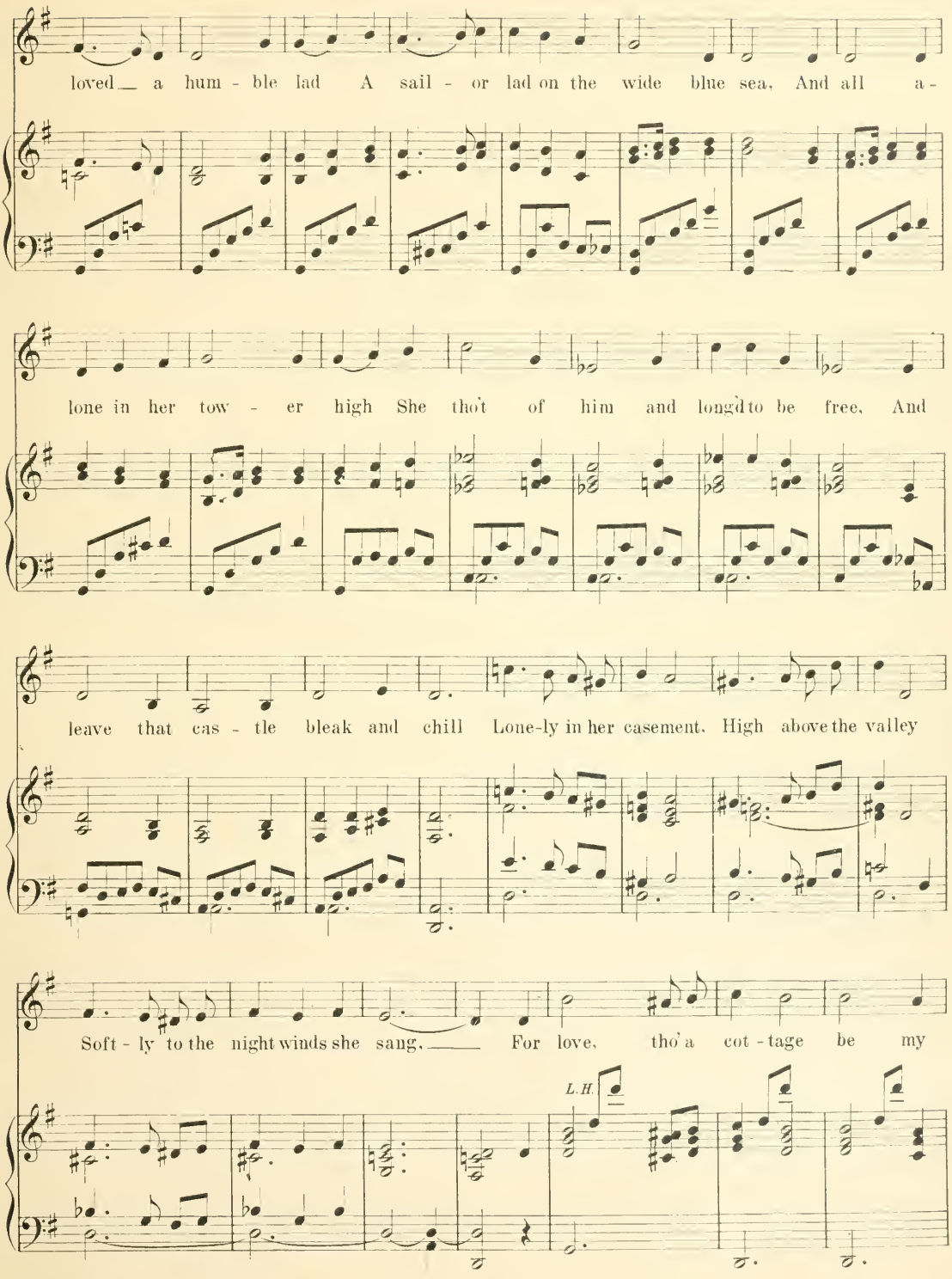

here their going to stay And so are we. Ding dong ding a ding dong,
Hail to the glorious midnight sun, Ding dong ding a ding dong, Our cel-e-bra-tions
just begun Ding Dong ding a ding dong, Joyous now we sing our song, Ding dong with our
ritard.
voices blending, never end-ing ding a ding dong ding dong Ding Dong Bell.
ritard.
a tempo.

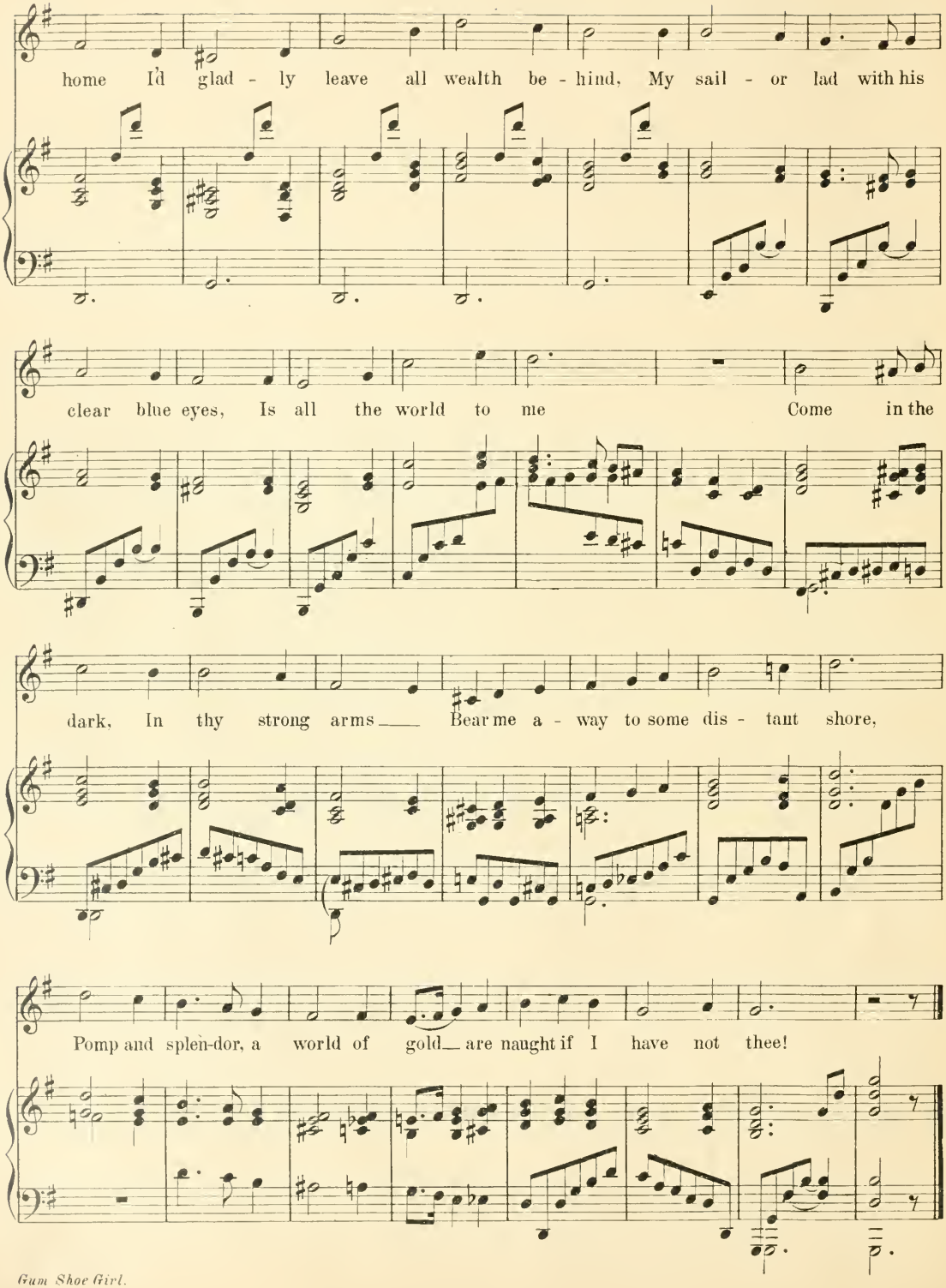
FOR LOVE, THO' A COTTAGE BE MY HOME.

(Aurora.)

Words and Music by
L. B. HALL.



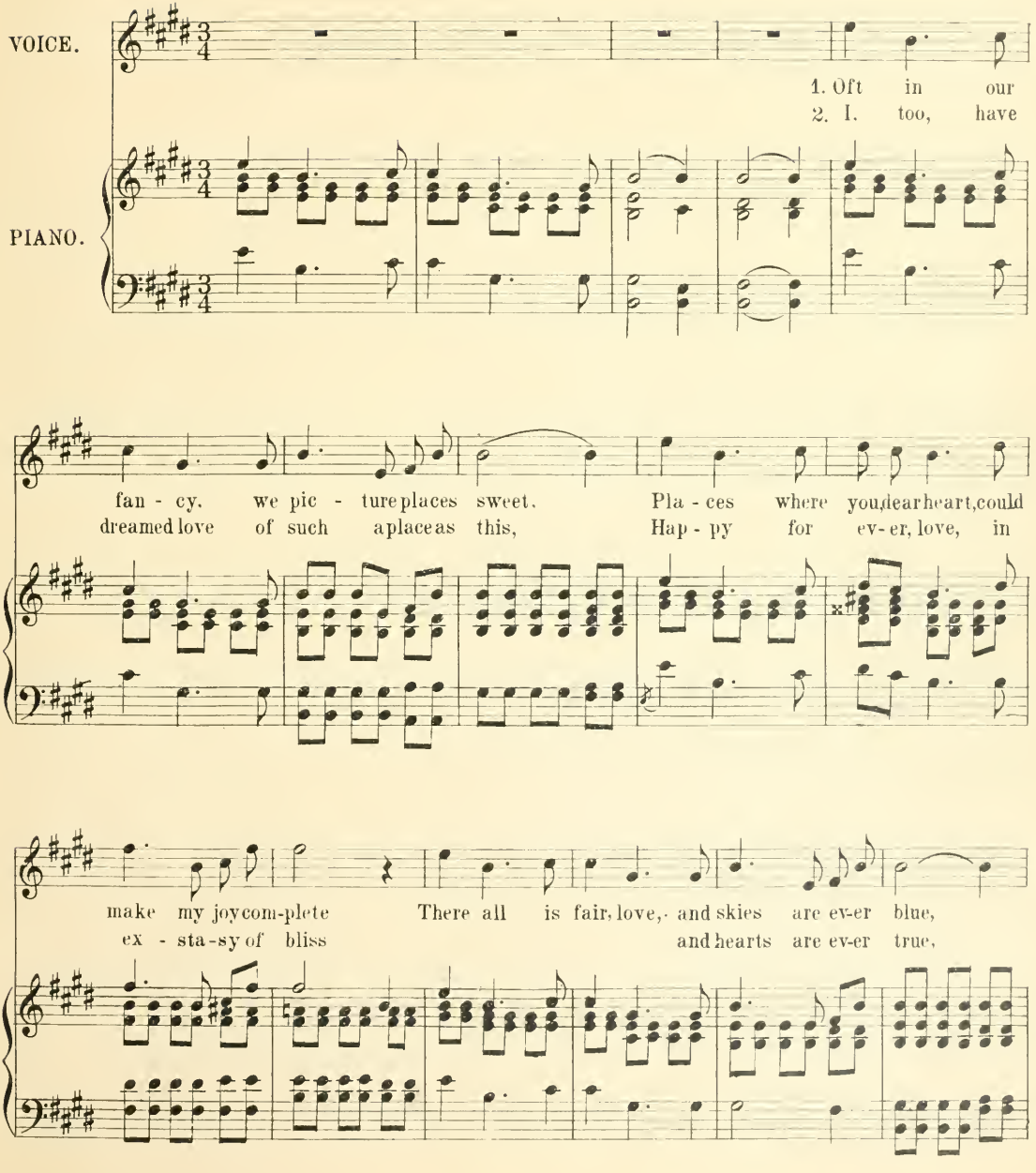

loved a hum - ble lad A sail - or lad on the wide blue sea, And all a -
lone in her tow - er high She tho't of him and longd to be free, And
leave that cas - tle bleak and chill Lone-ly in her casement, High above the valley
Soft - ly to the night winds she sang, For love, tho' a cot - tage be my
L.H.

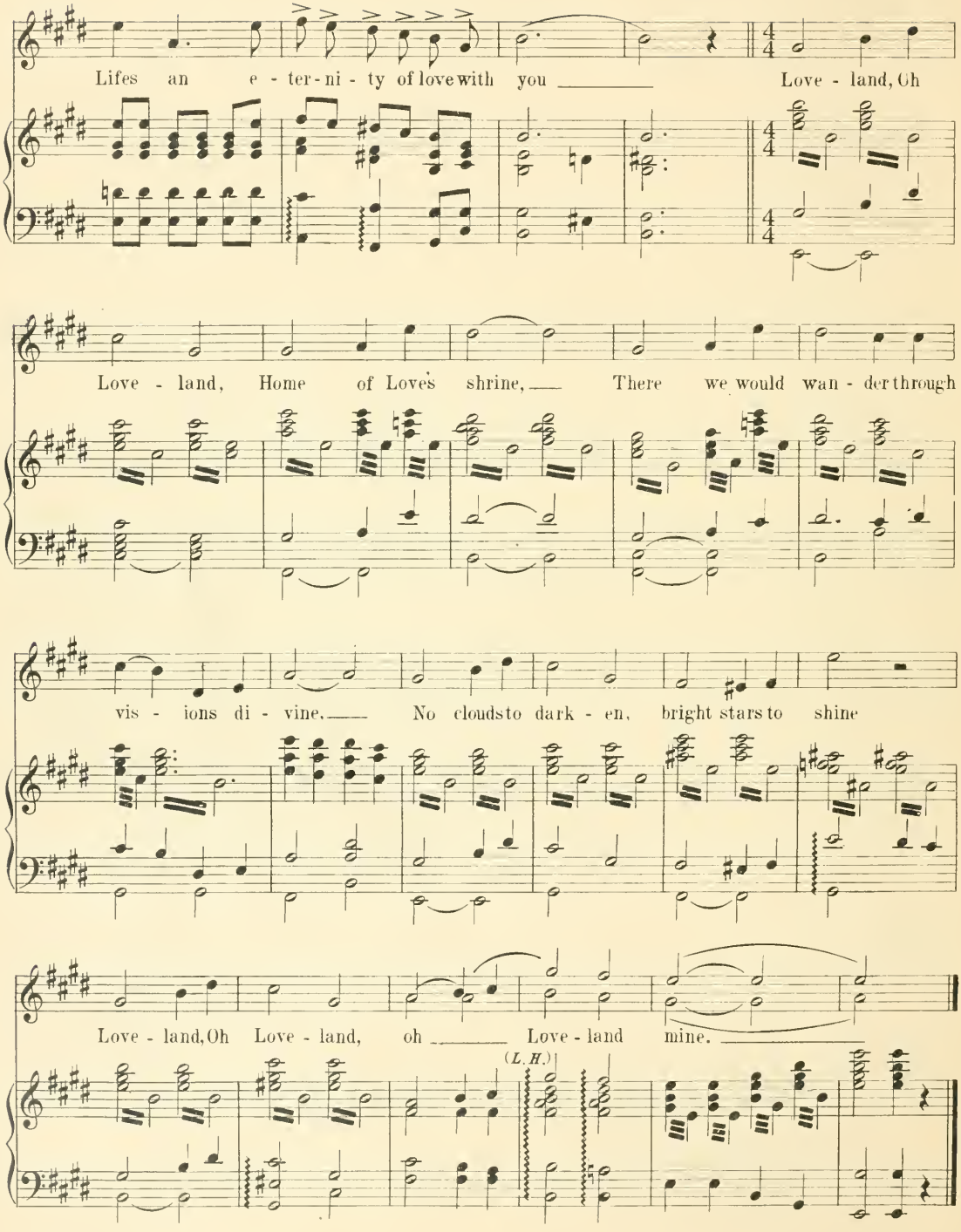

home I'd glad - ly leave all wealth be - hind, My sail - or lad with his
clear blue eyes, Is all the world to me Come in the
dark, In thy strong arms Bear me a - way to some dis - tant shore,
Pomp and splen-dor, a world of gold are naught if I have not thee!

LOVELAND.

(Aurora & Eric.)

Words and Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.

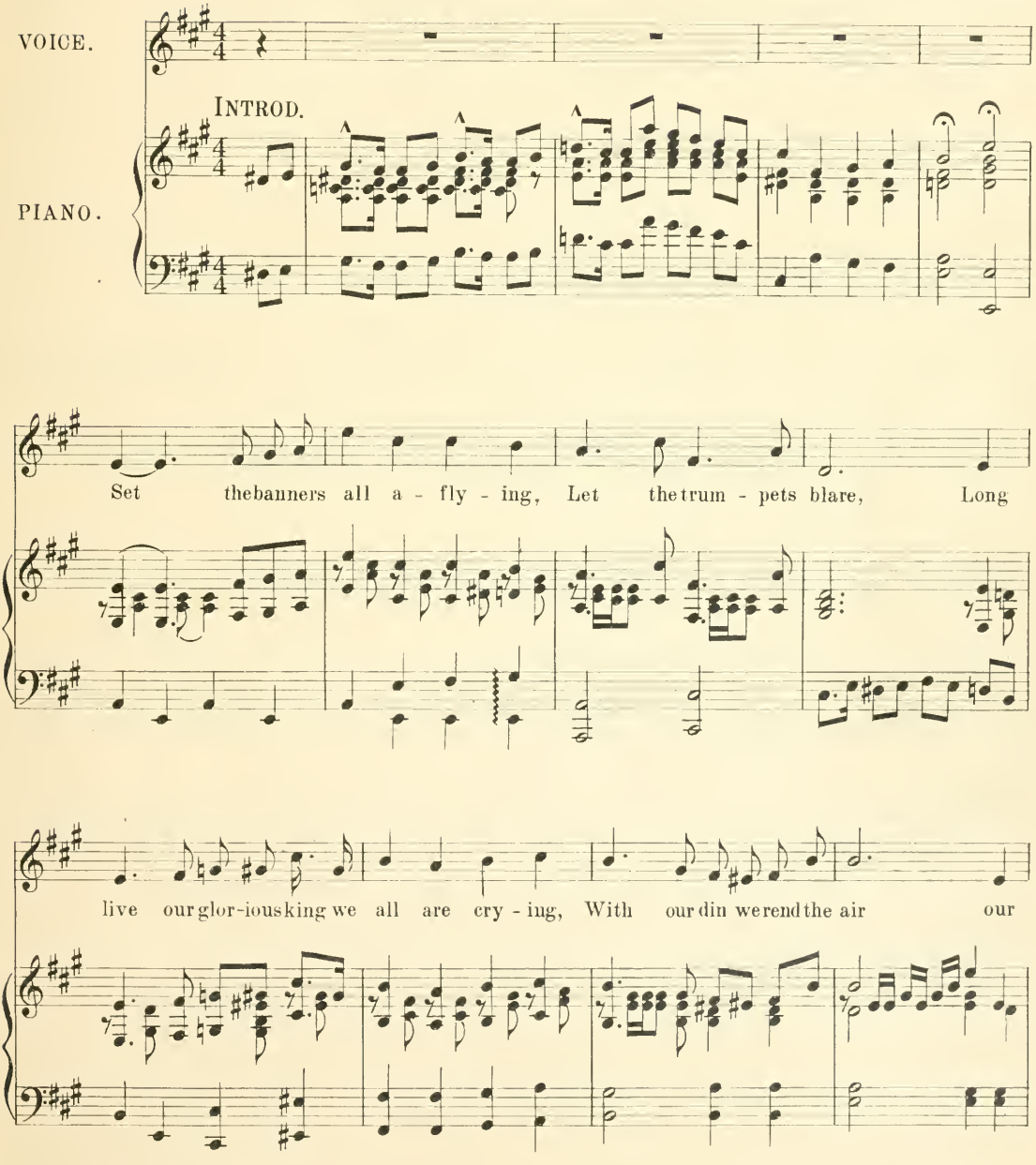


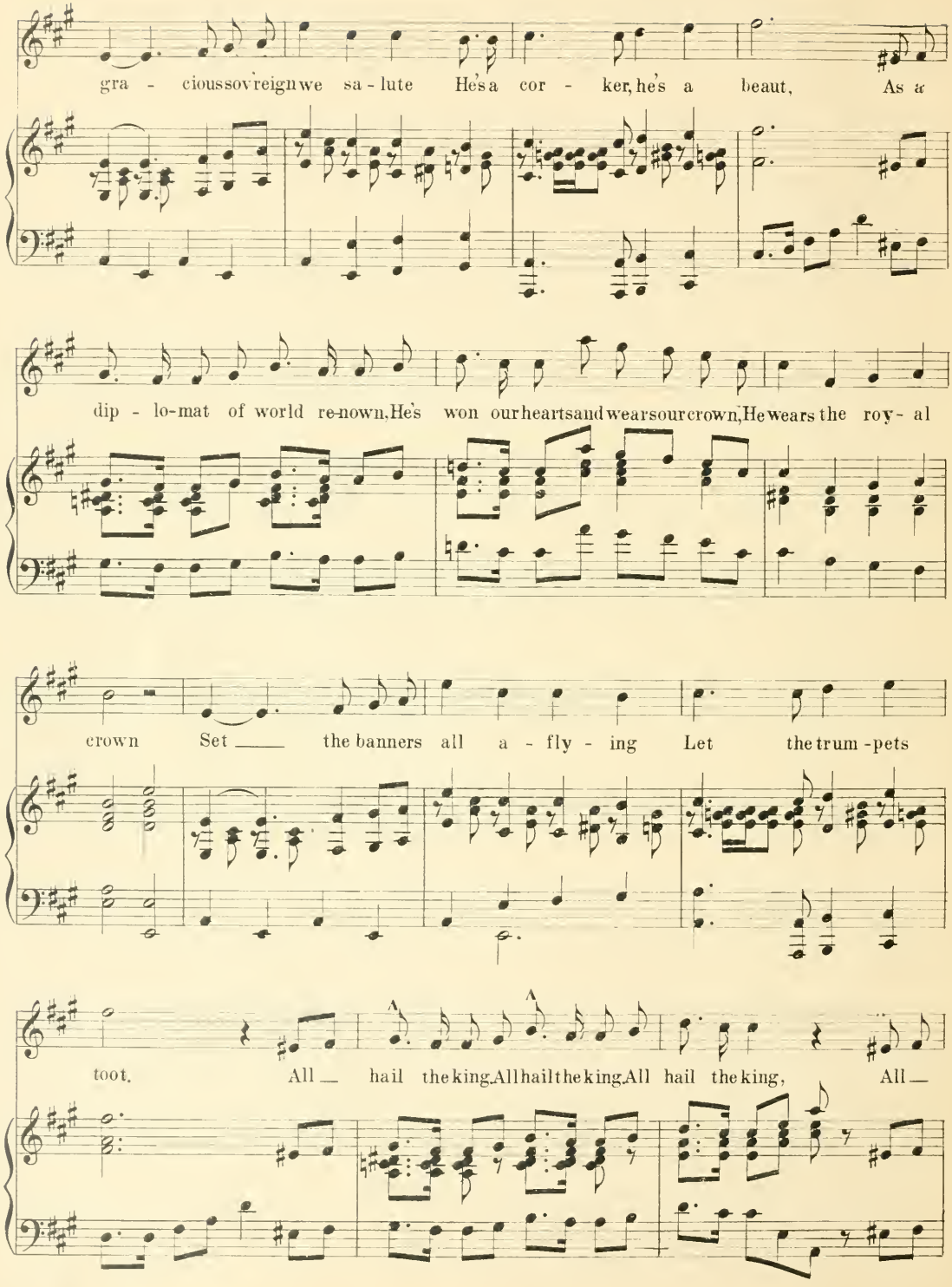

Lifes an e - ter - ni - ty of love with you
Love - land, Oh
Love - land, Home of Love's shrine,
There we would wan - der through
vis - ions di - vine,
No clouds to dark - en, bright stars to shine
Love - land, Oh Love - land, oh
Love - land mine.
(L. H.)

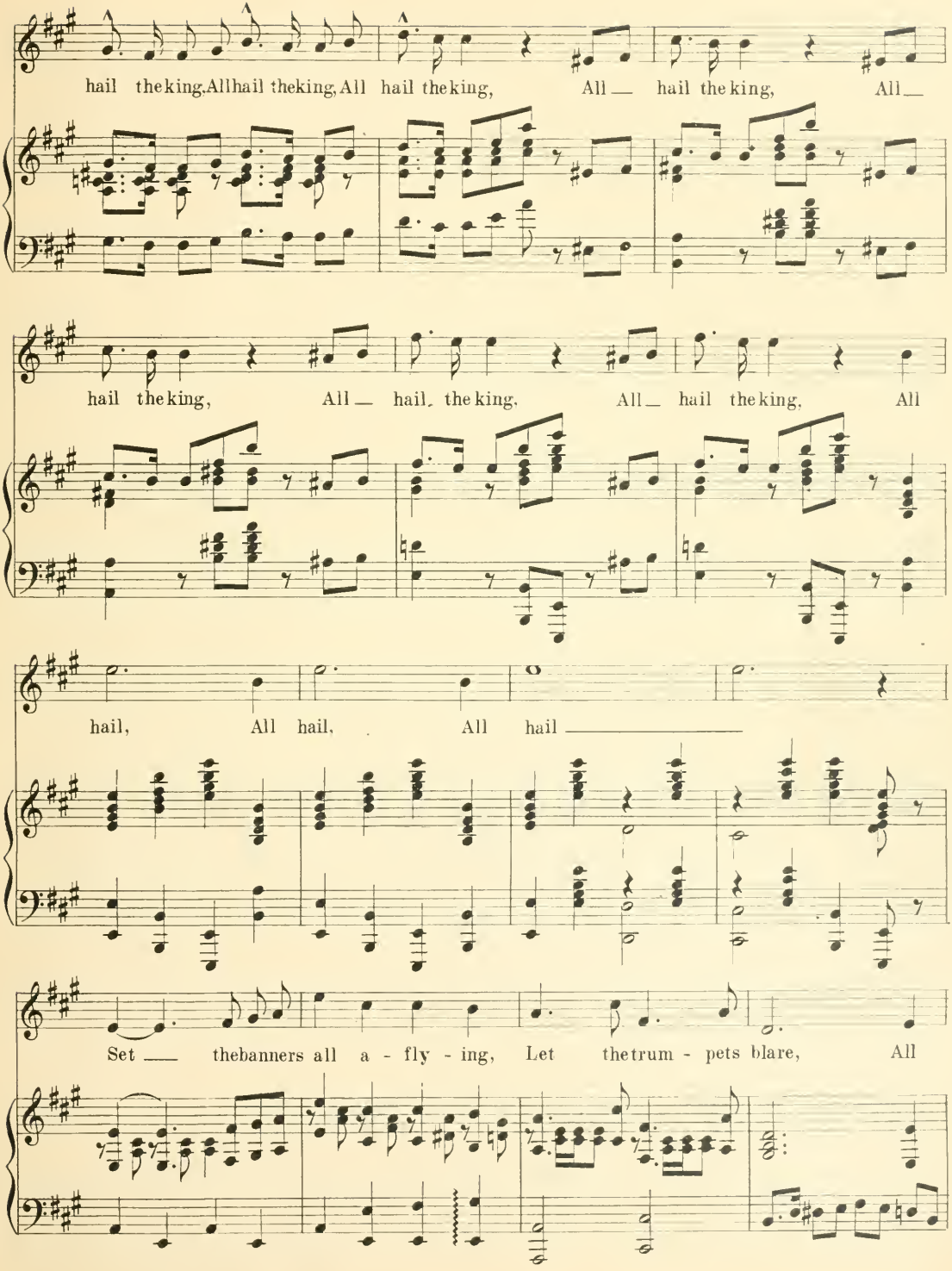
SET THE BANNERS ALL A-FLYING.

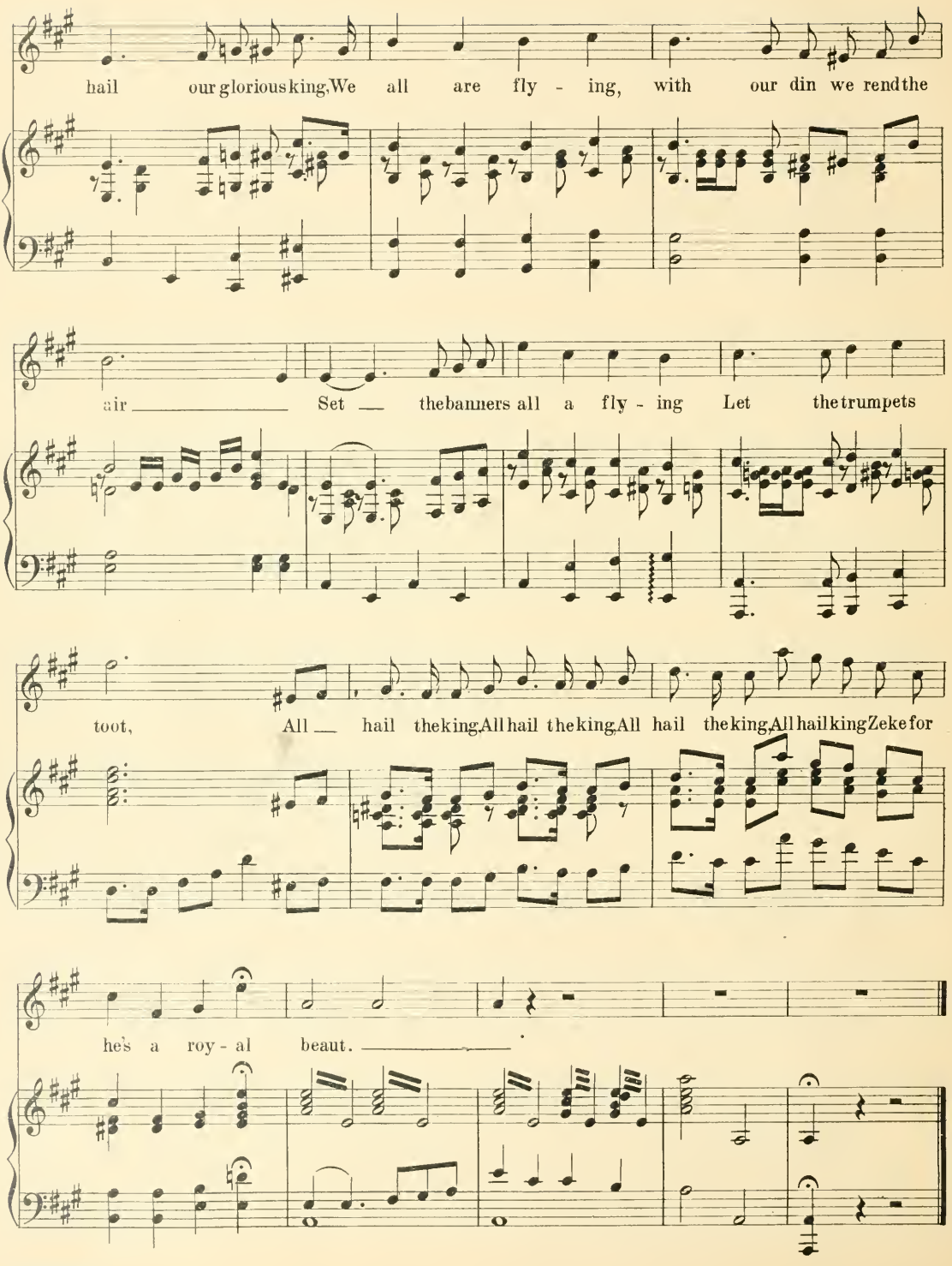
Chorus.

Words and Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS



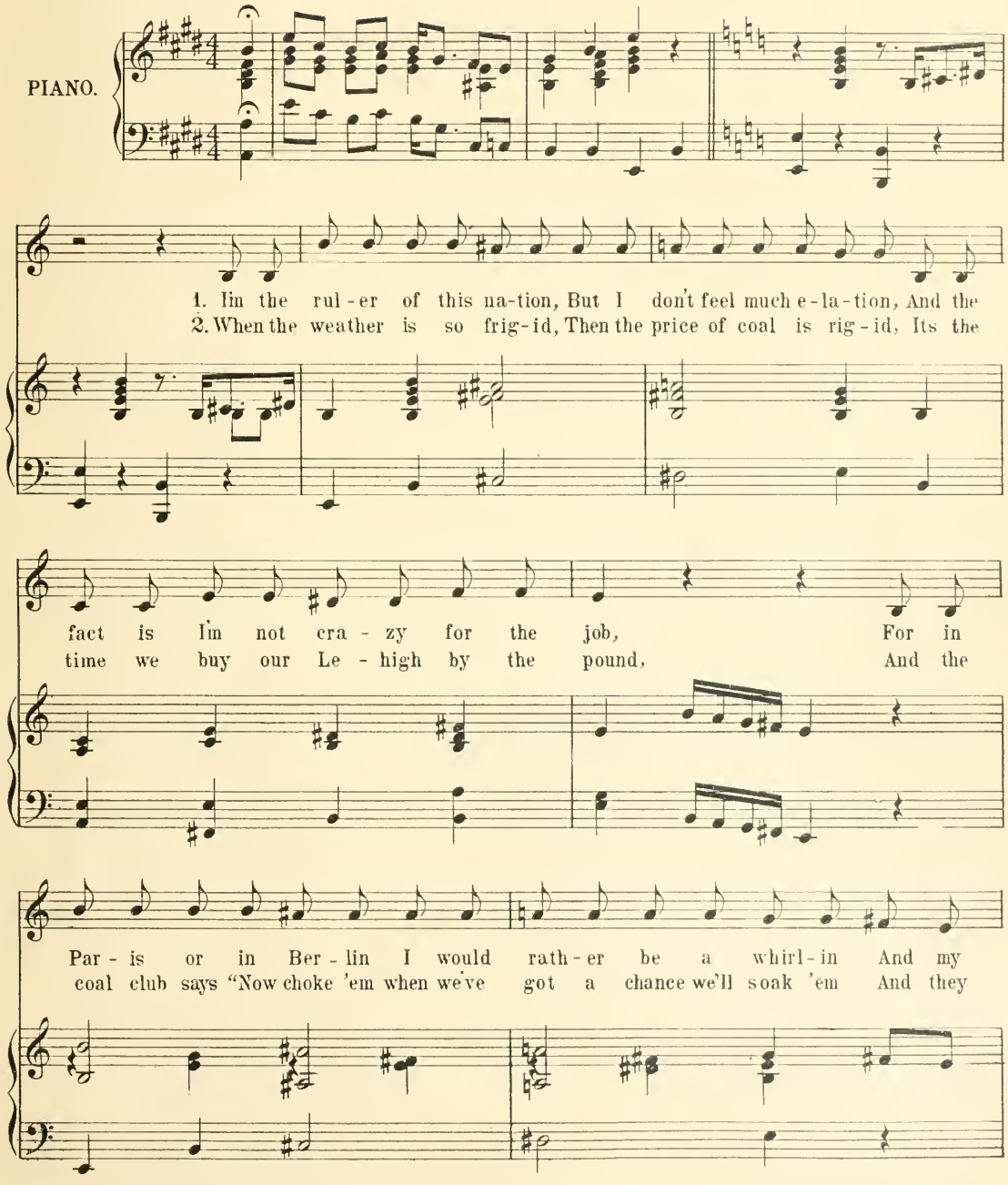

gra - cious sov'reign we sa - lute He's a cor - ker, he's a beaut, As a
dip - lo-mat of world re-nown, He's won our hearts and wear our crown, He wears the roy - al
crown Set the banners all a - fly - ing Let the trum - pets
toot. All hail the king. All hail the king. All hail the king, All

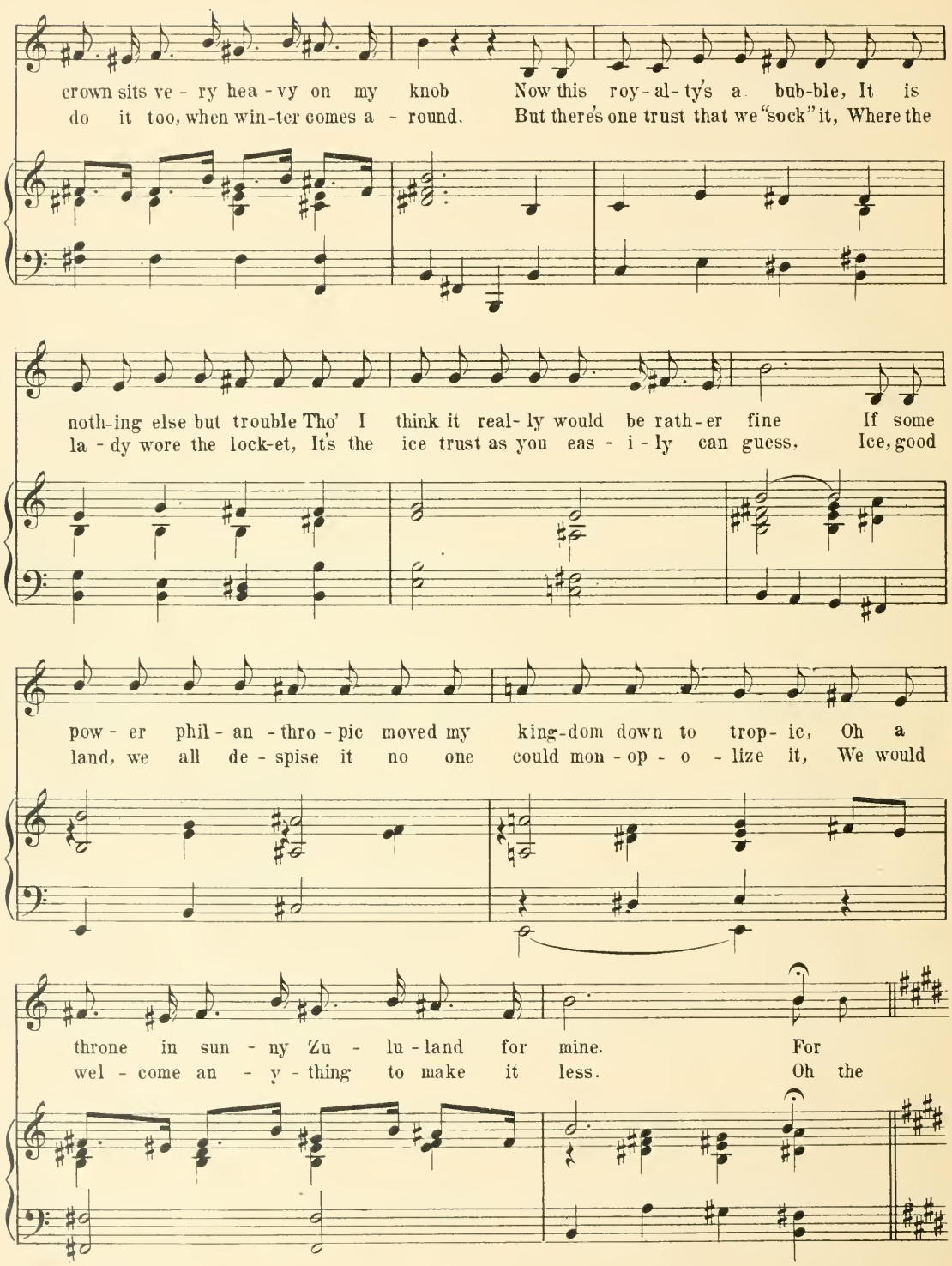

hail the king, All hail the king, All hail the king, All hail the king, All
hail the king, All hail, the king, All hail the king, All
hail, All hail, All hail
Set the banners all a - fly - ing, Let the trum - pets blare, All


hail our glorious king, We all are fly - ing, with our din we rend the
air Set the banners all a fly - ing Let the trumpets
toot, All hail the king, All hail the king, All hail the king, All hail king Zeke for
he's a roy - al beaut.

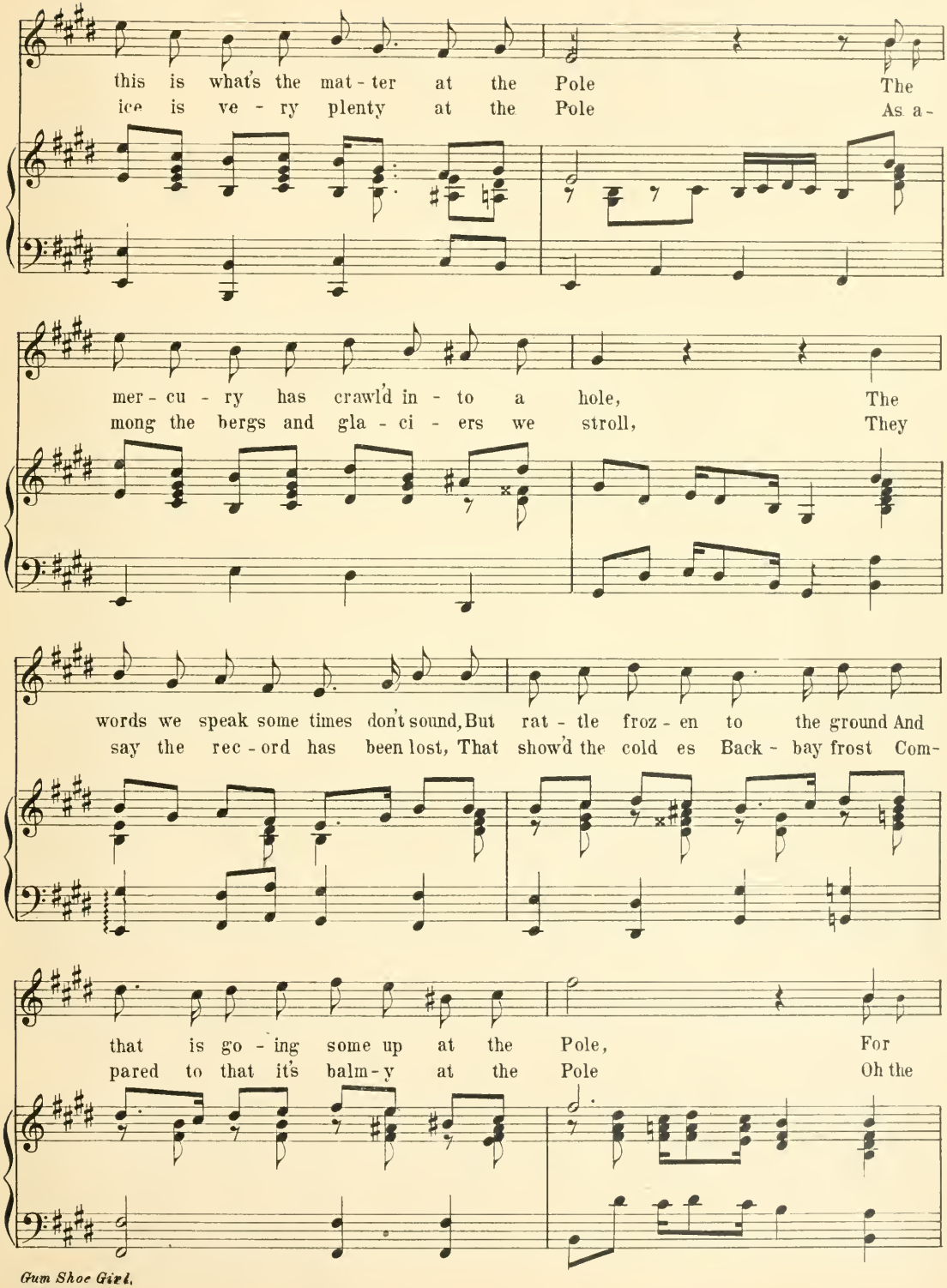
KING'S SONG.

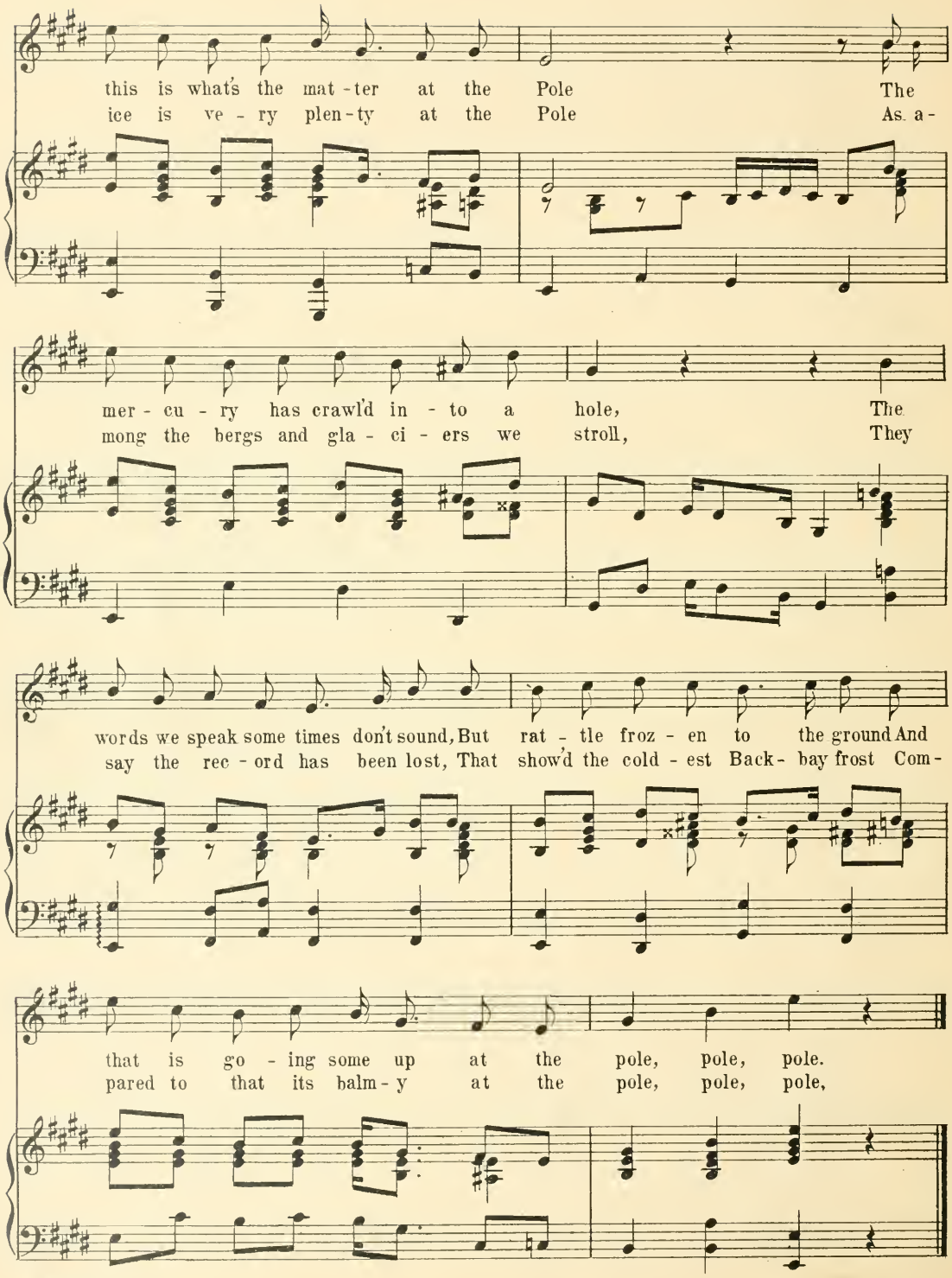
Words by H. P. DOWST. Music by ROBERT NICHOLS.




crown sits ve - ry hea - vy on my knob Now this roy - al - ty's a bub-ble, It is
do it too, when win-ter comes a - round. But there's one trust that we "sock" it, Where the
noth-ing else but trouble Tho' I think it real- ly would be rath-er fine If some
la - dy wore the lock-et, It's the ice trust as you eas - i - ly can guess. Ice, good
pow - er phil - an - thro - pic moved my king-dom down to trop- ic, Oh a
land, we all de - spise it no one could mon - op - o - lize it, We would
throne in sun - ny Zu - lu - land for mine. For
wel - come an - y - thing to make it less. Oh the

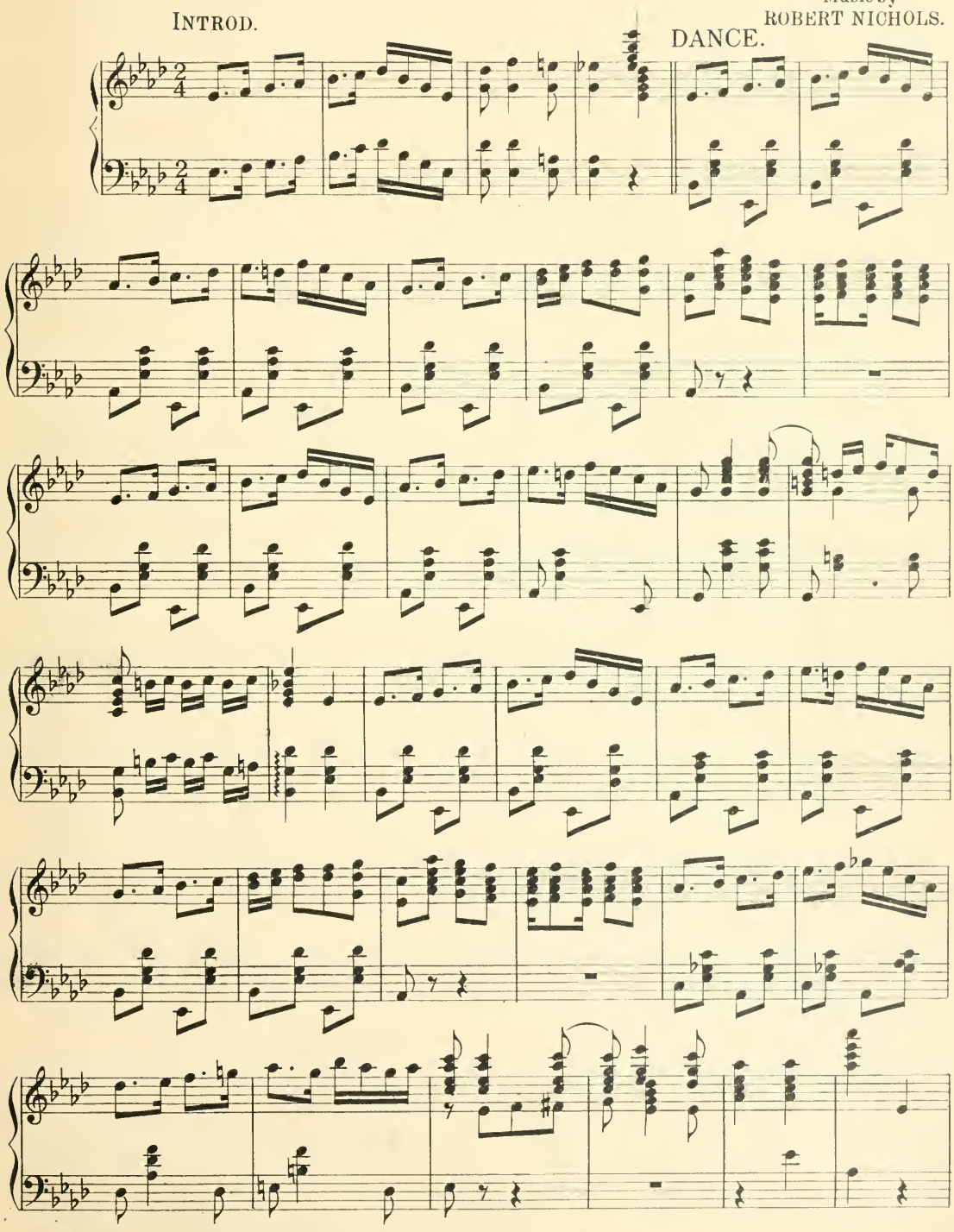
CHORUS.

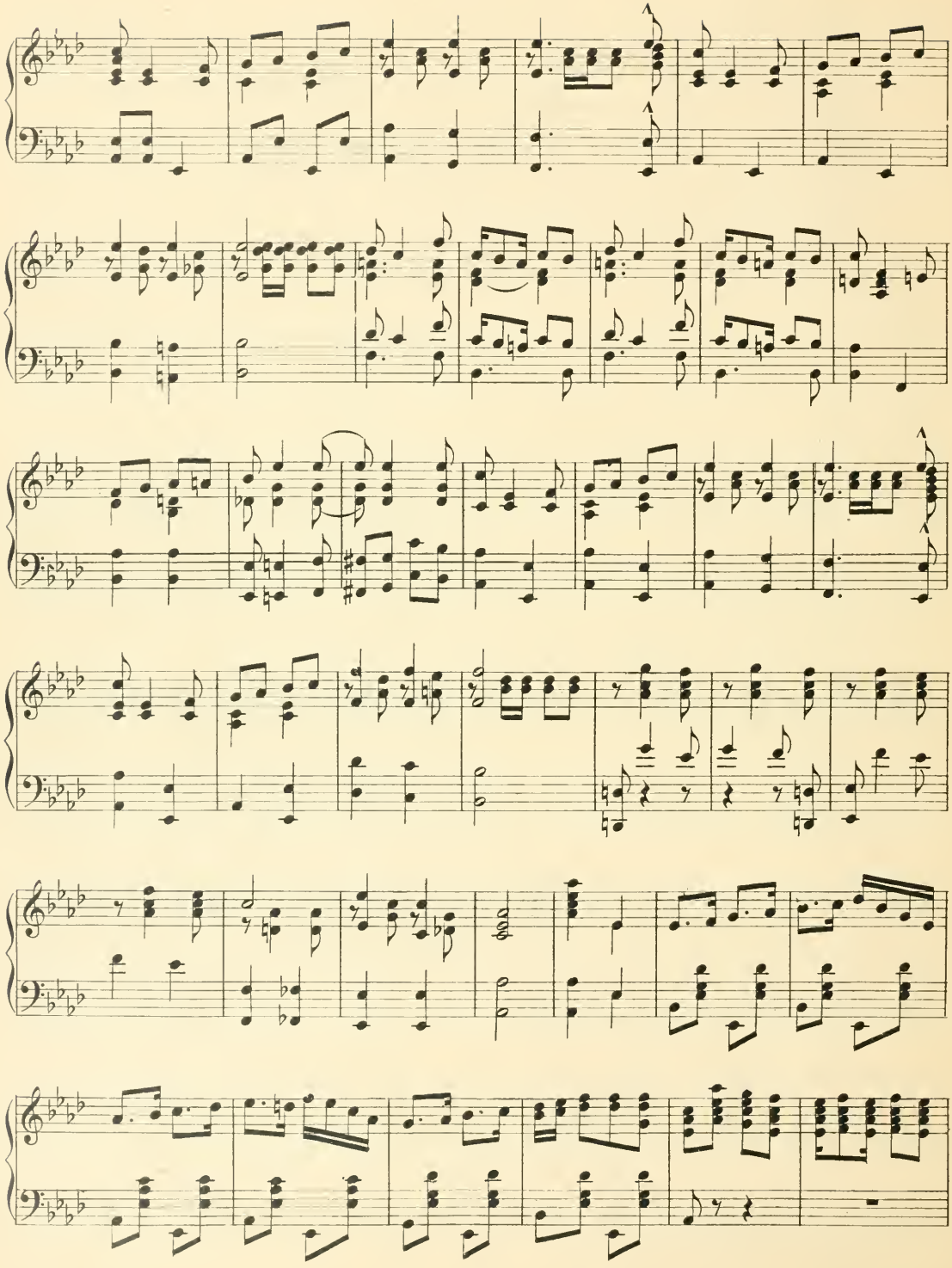

this is what's the mat - ter at the Pole The
ice is ve - ry plenty at the Pole As a -
mer - cu - ry has crawl'd in - to a hole, The
mong the bergs and gla - ci - ers we stroll, They
words we speak some times don't sound, But rat - tle froz - en to the ground And
say the rec - ord has been lost, That show'd the cold es Back - bay frost Com-
that is go - ing some up at the Pole, For
pared to that it's balm - y at the Pole Oh the

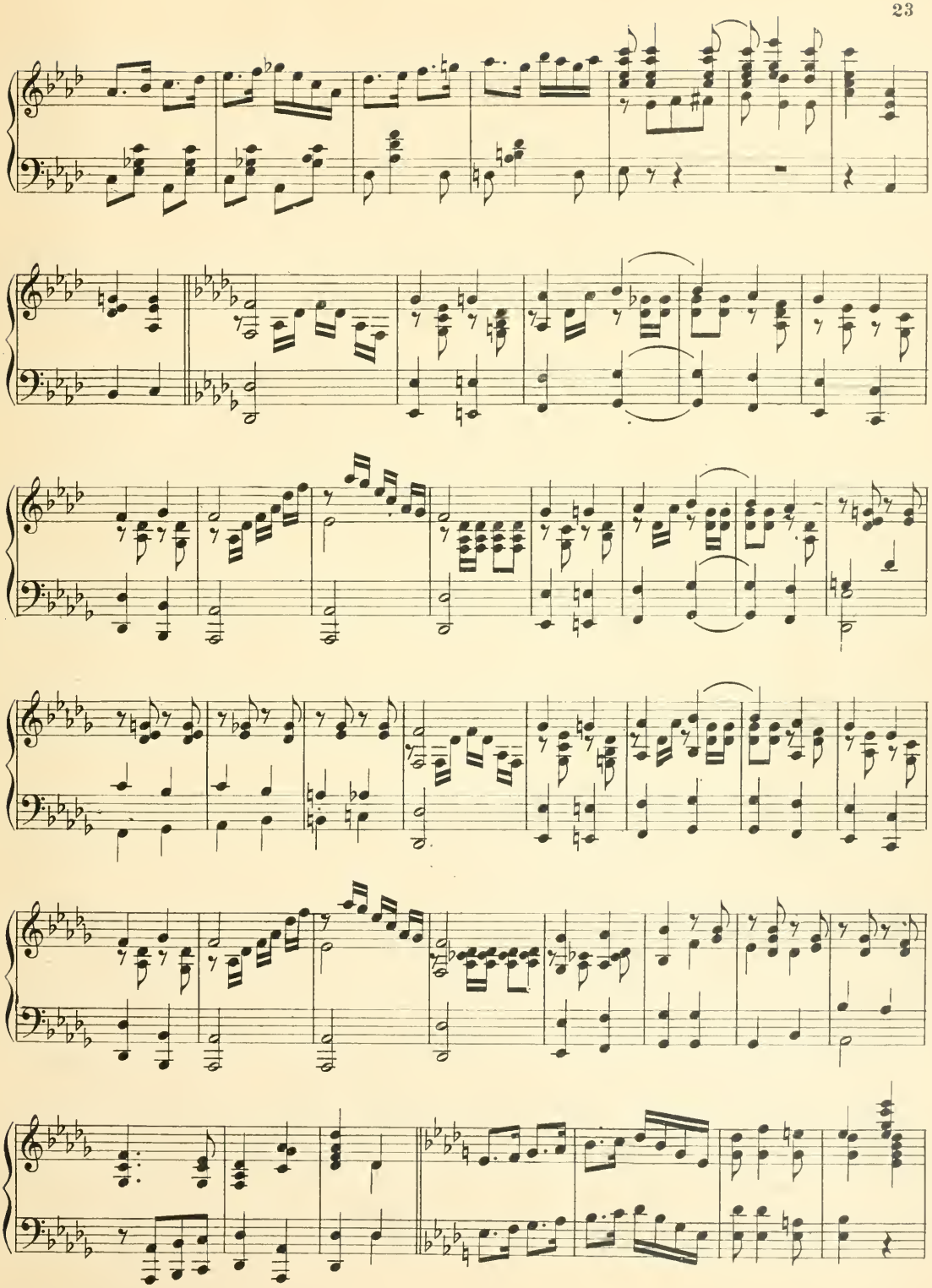

this is what's the mat - ter at the Pole The
ice is ve - ry plen - ty at the Pole As a -
mer - cu - ry has crawl'd in - to a hole, The
mong the bergs and gla - ci - ers we stroll, They
words we speak some times don't sound, But rat - tle froz - en to the ground And
say the rec - ord has been lost, That show'd the cold - est Back - bay frost Com -
that is go - ing some up at the pole, pole, pole.
pared to that its balm - y at the pole, pole, pole,

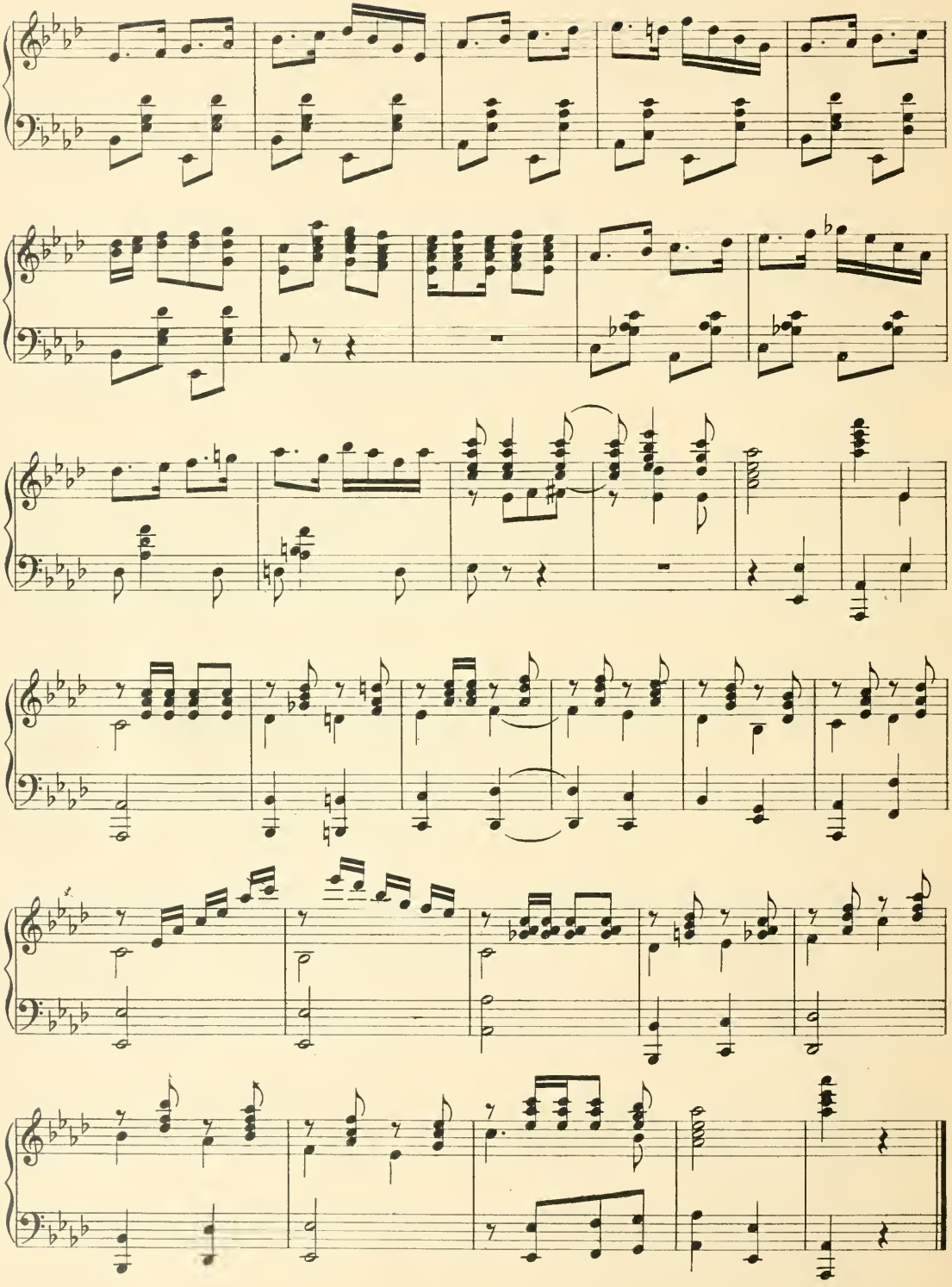
BALLET No.I.

Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.







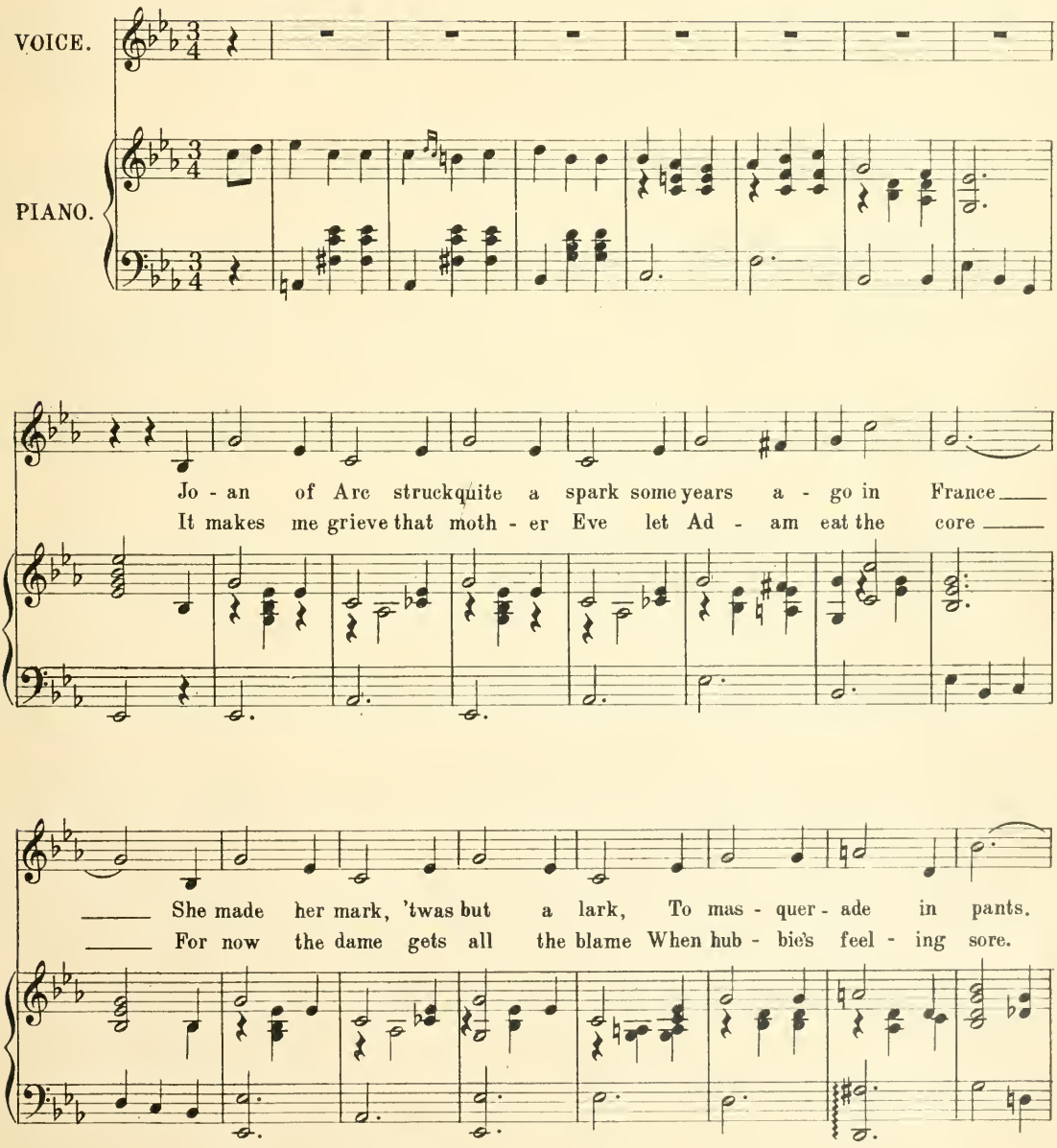


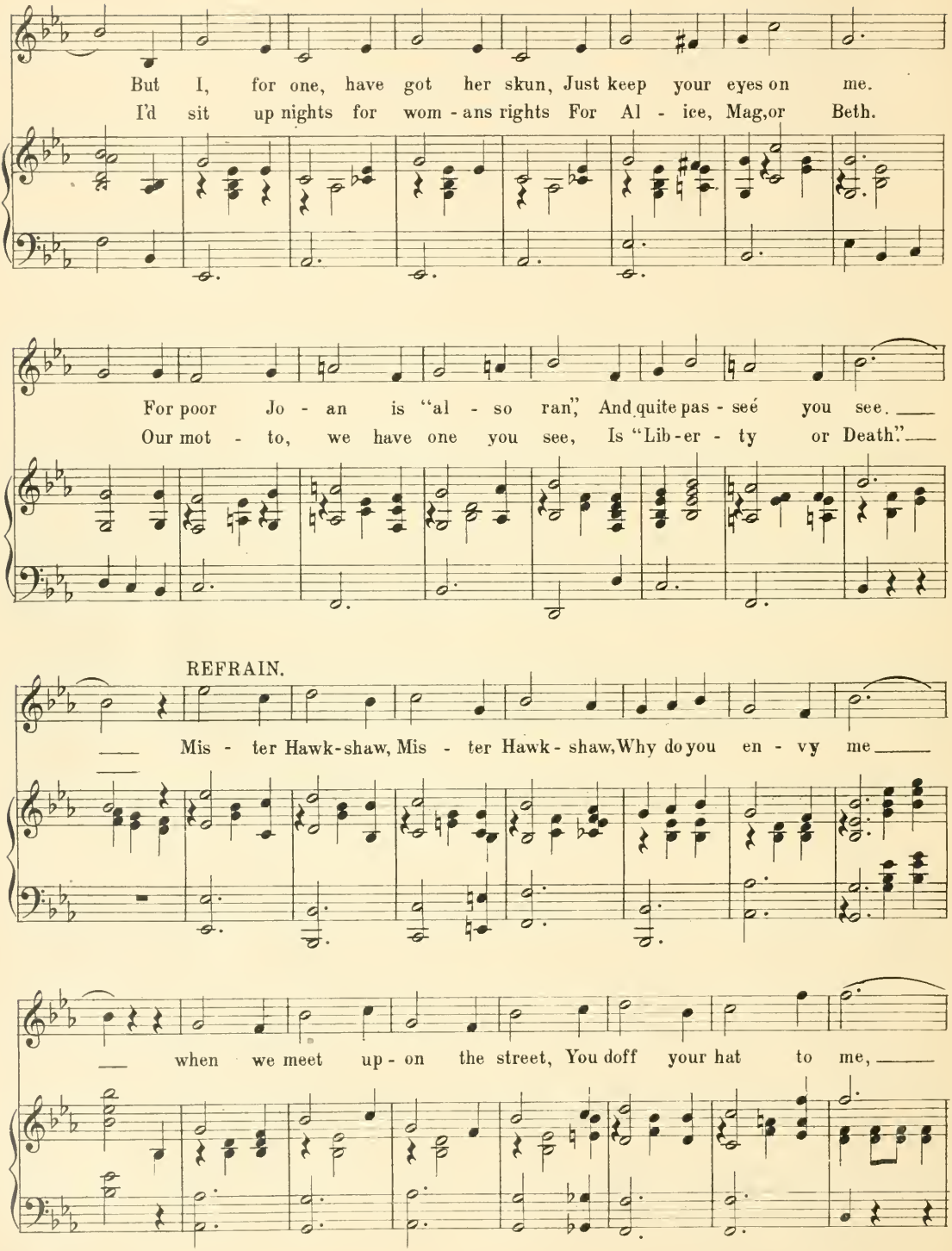
MR. HAWKSHAW.

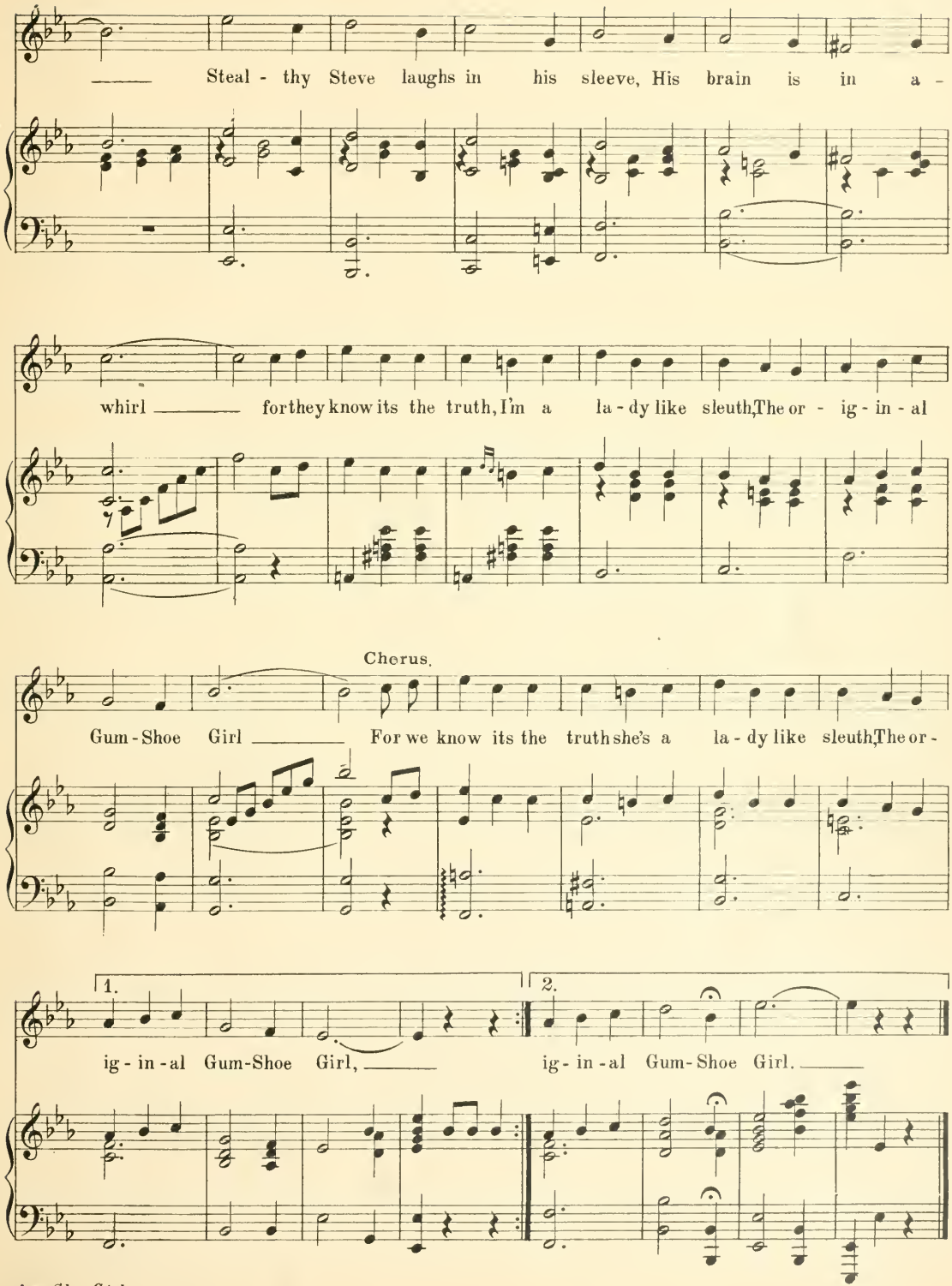
(The Gum-Shoe Girl.)

Words by H. P. L.

Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.



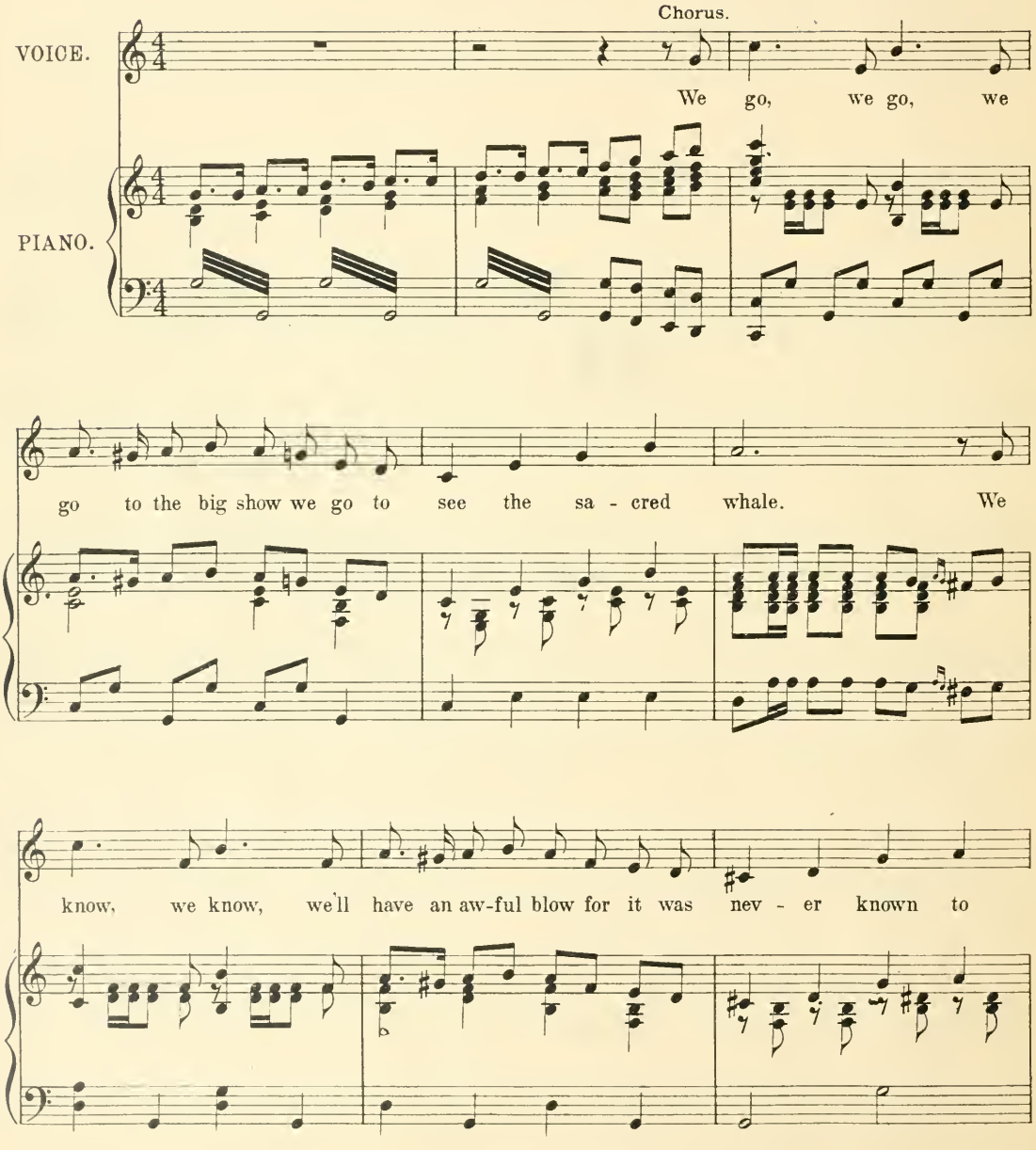

But I, for one, have got her skun, Just keep your eyes on me.
I'd sit up nights for wom - ans rights For Al - ice, Mag, or Beth.
For poor Jo - an is "al - so ran", And quite pas - seé you see.
Our mot - to, we have one you see, Is "Lib - er - ty or Death."
REFRAIN.
Mis - ter Hawk-shaw, Mis - ter Hawk - shaw, Why do you en - vy me
when we meet up - on the street, You doff your hat to me,

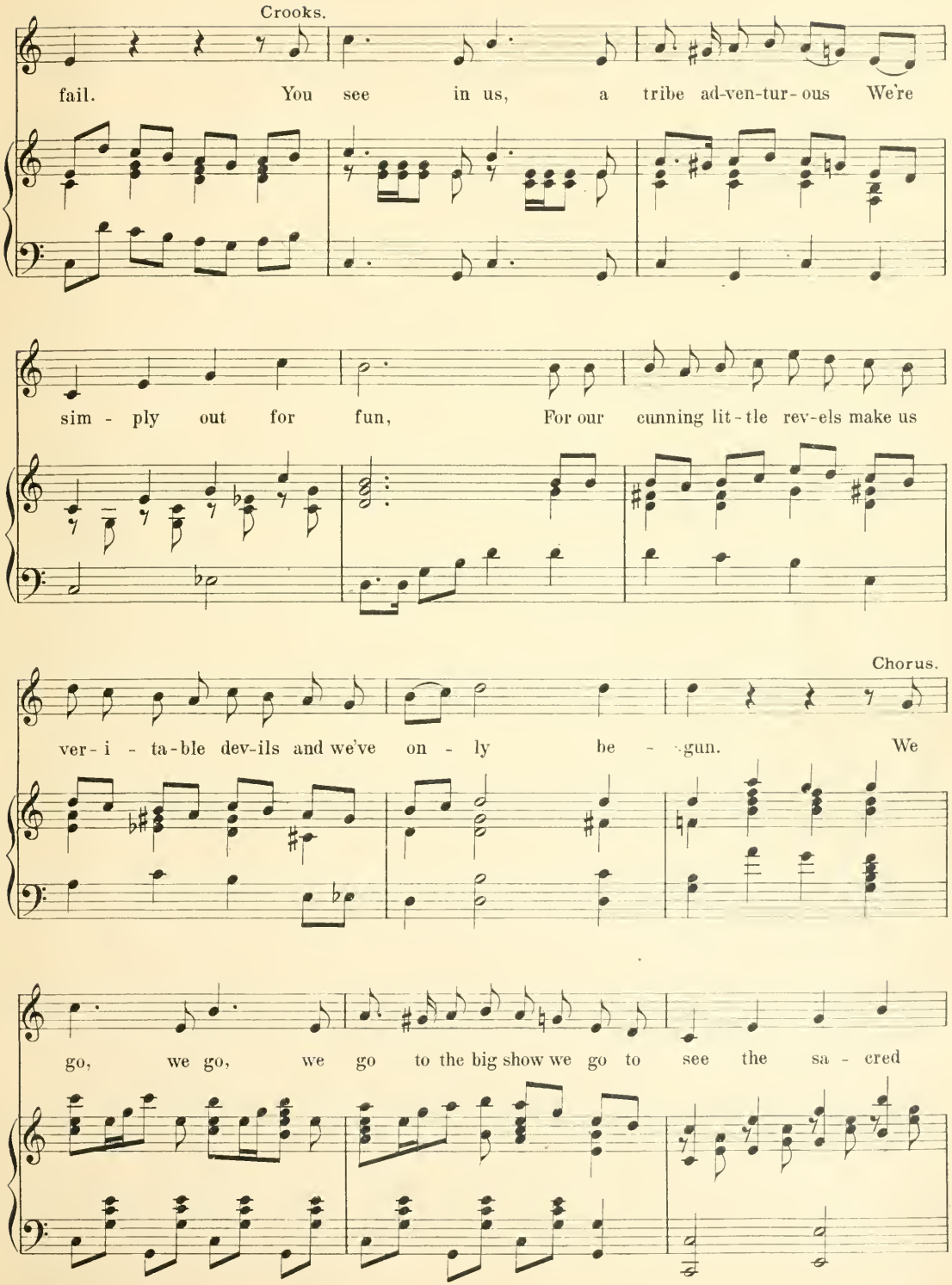

Steal - thy Steve laughs in his sleeve, His brain is in a -
whirl ____ forthey know its the truth, I'm a la - dy like sleuth, The or - ig - in - al
Chorus.
Gum - Shoe Girl ____ For we know its the truth she's a la - dy like sleuth, The or -
1.
ig - in - al Gum-Shoe Girl, ____
2.
ig - in - al Gum - Shoe Girl. ____

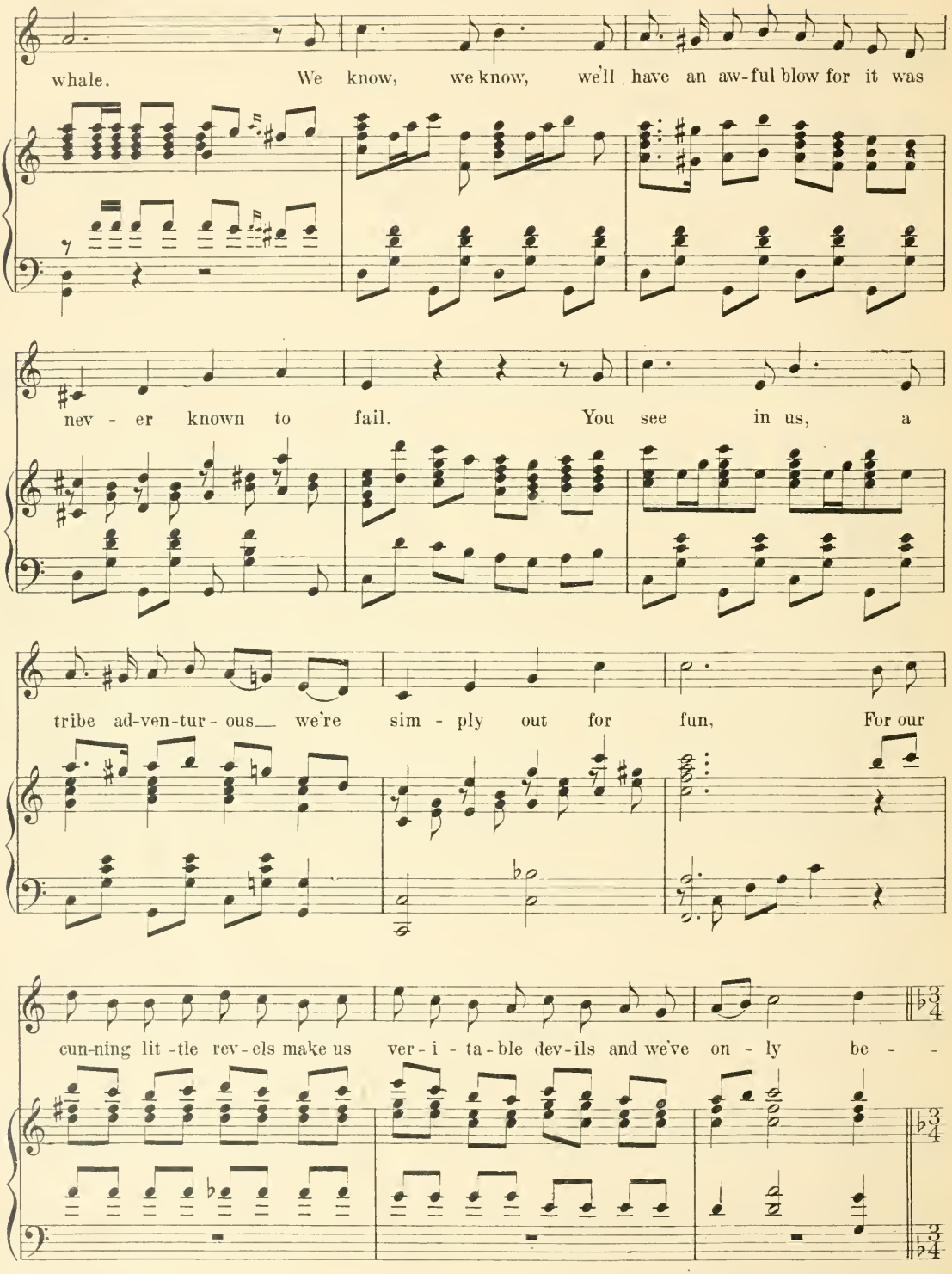
FINALE Act I.

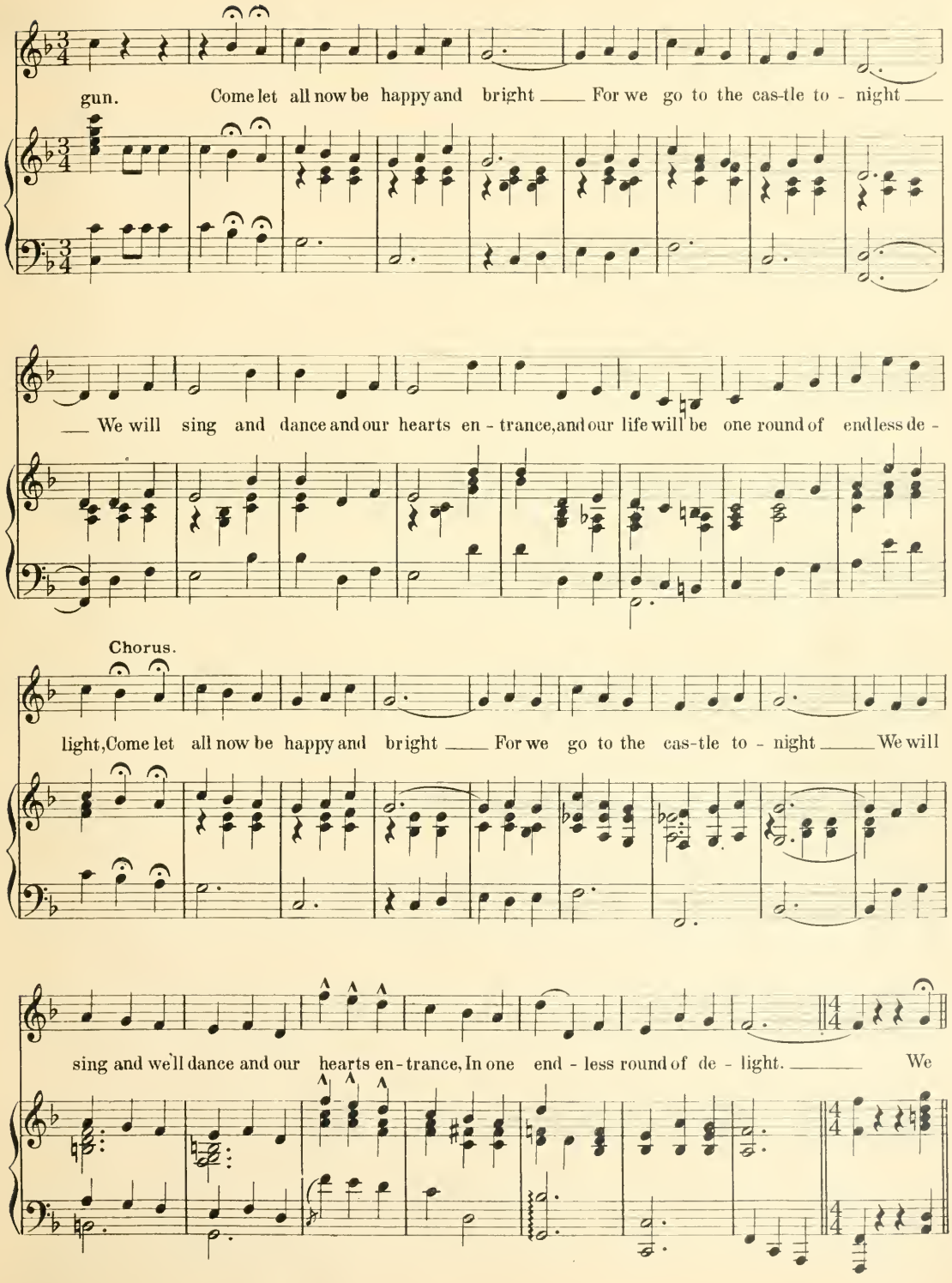
(Principals & Chorus.)

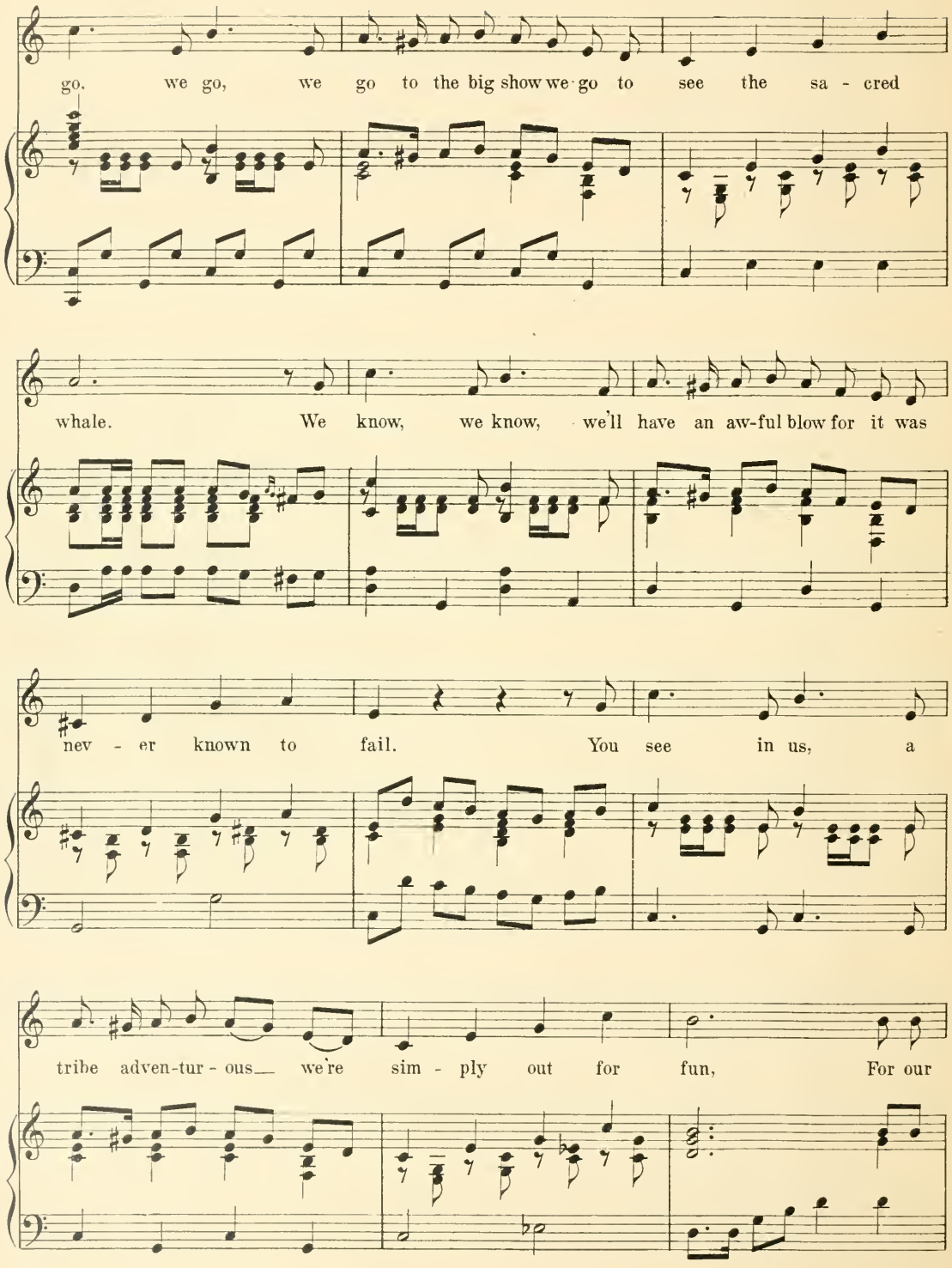
Words and Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.

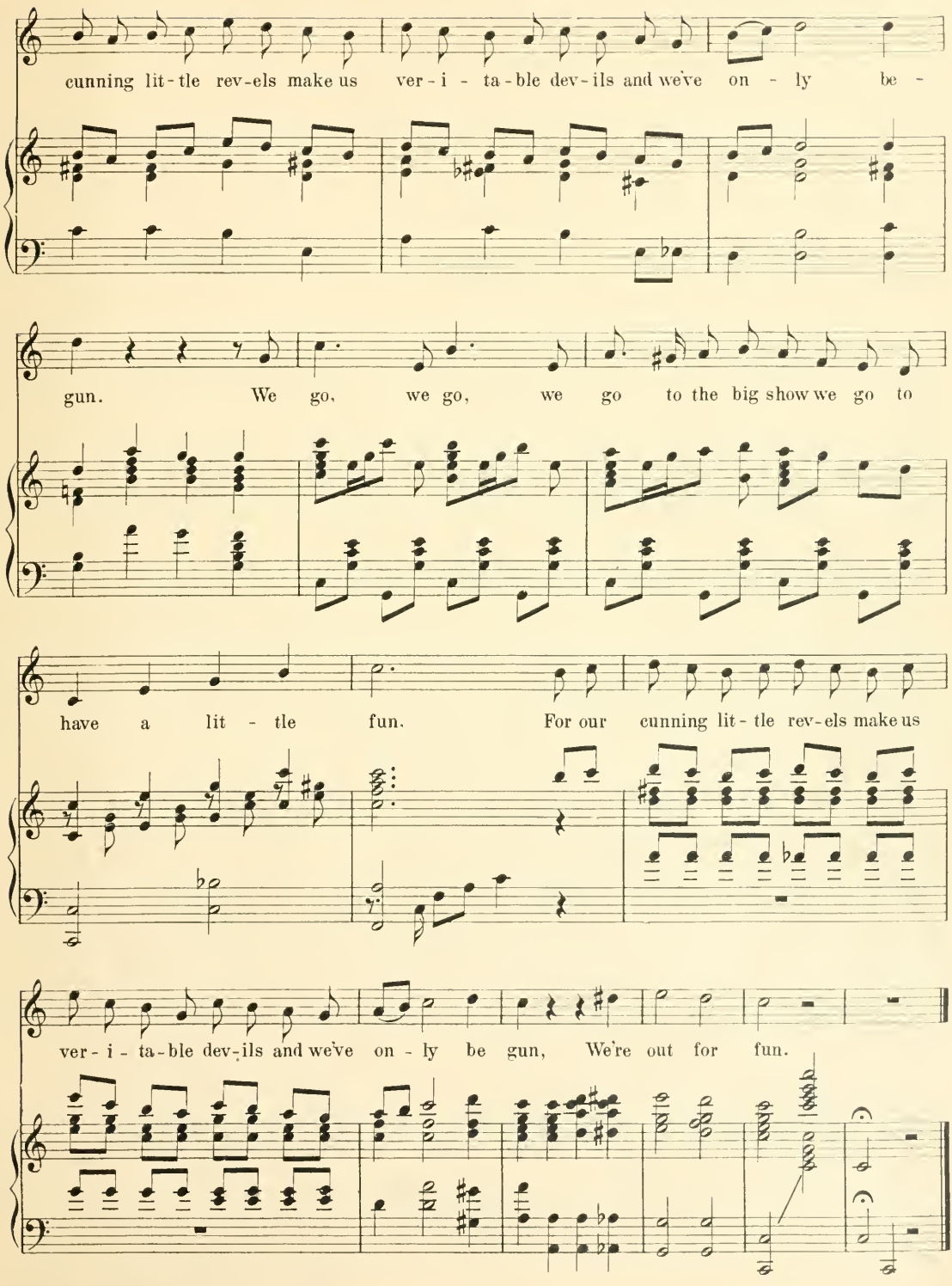



Crooks.
fail. You see in us, a tribe ad-ven-tur-ous We're
sim - ply out for fun, For our cunning lit-tle rev-els make us
Chorus.
ver-i - ta-ble dev-ils and we've on - ly be - gun. We
go, we go, we go to the big show we go to see the sa - cred

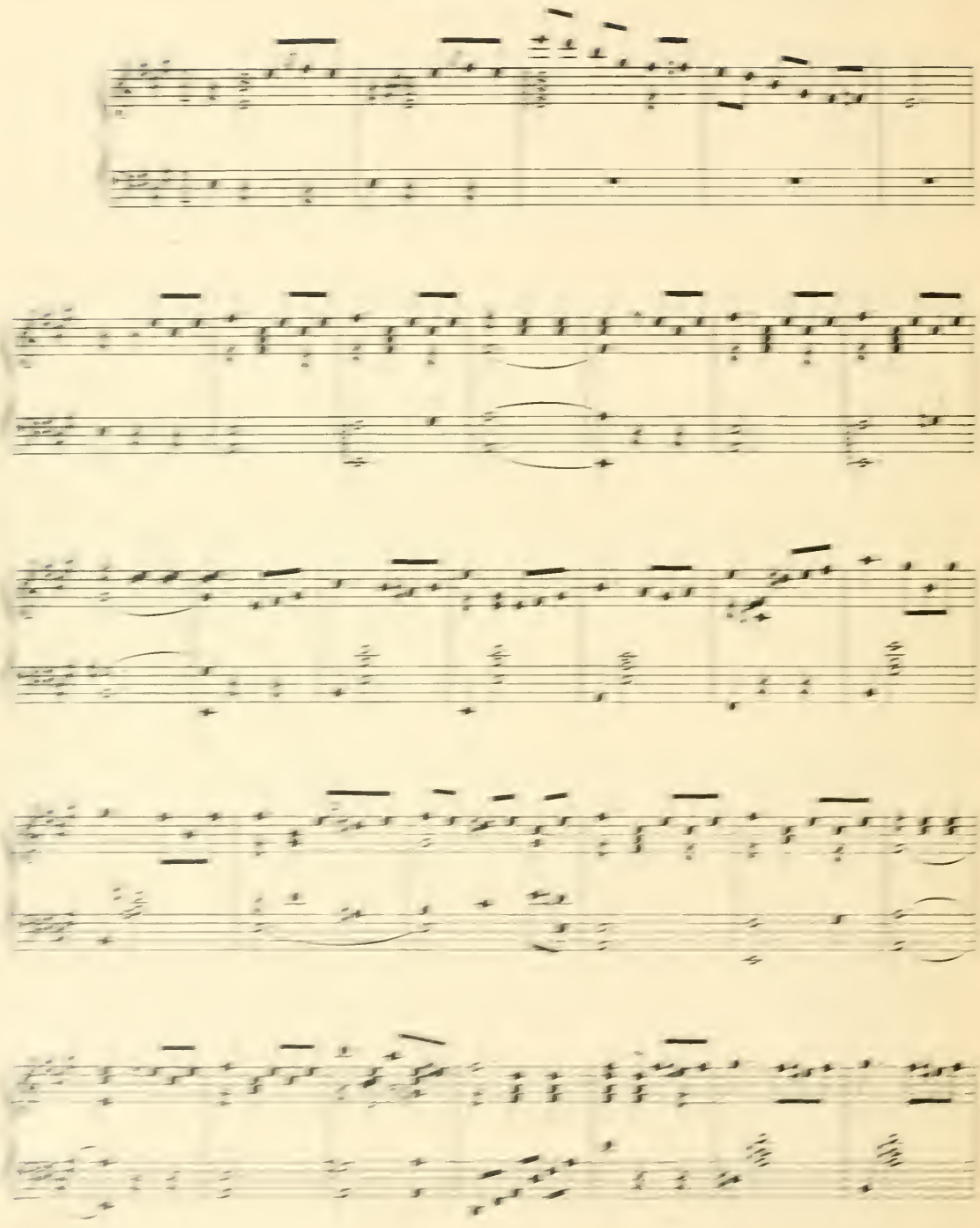

whale. We know, we know, we'll have an aw-ful blow for it was
nev - er known to fail. You see in us, a
tribe ad-ven-tur - ous we're sim - ply out for fun, For our
cun-ning lit - tle rev - els make us ver - i - ta - ble dev - ils and we've on - ly be - -

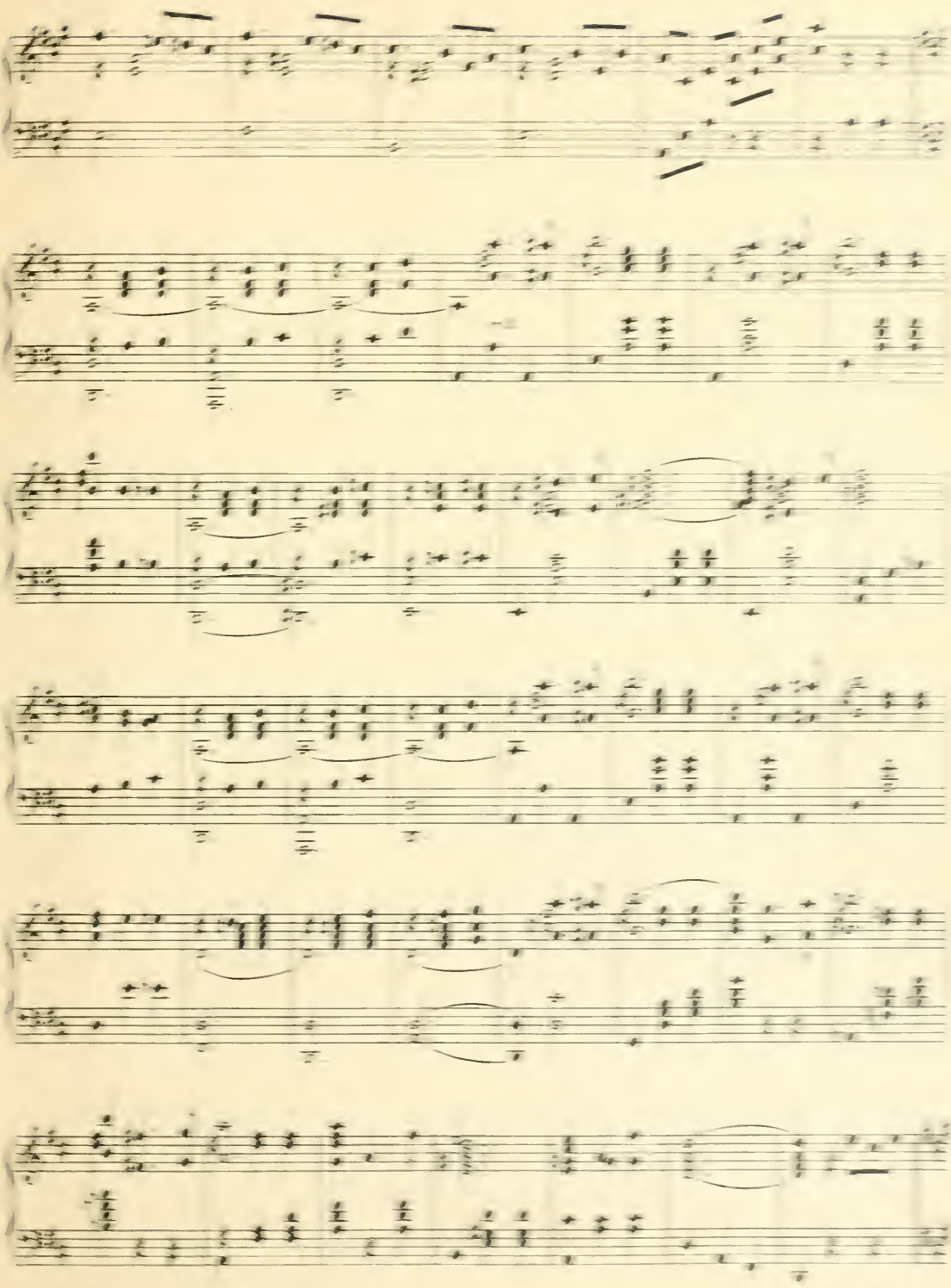

gun. Come let all now be happy and bright ___ For we go to the cas-tle to - night ___
___ We will sing and dance and our hearts en - trance, and our life will be one round of end less de -
Chorus.
light, Come let all now be happy and bright ___ For we go to the cas-tle to - night ___ We will
sing and we'll dance and our hearts en - trance, In one end - less round of de - light. ___ We

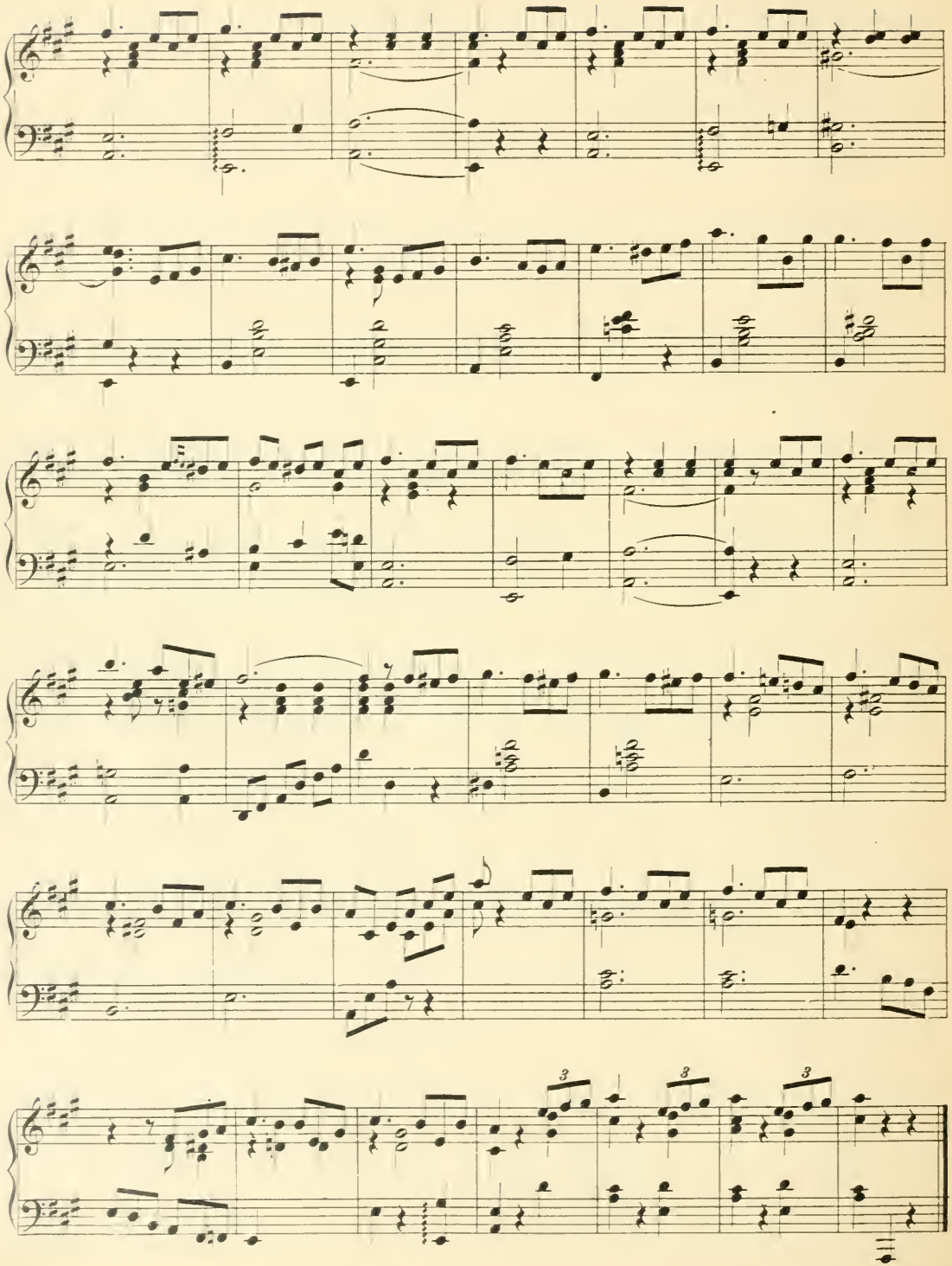

go. we go, we go to the big show we go to see the sa - cred
whale. We know, we know, we'll have an aw-ful blow for it was
nev - er known to fail. You see in us, a
tribe adven-tur - ous we're sim - ply out for fun, For our


cunning lit-tle rev-els make us ver-i-ta-ble dev-ils and we've on-ly be-
gun. We go, we go, we go to the big show we go to
have a lit-tle fun. For our cunning lit-tle rev-els make us
ver-i-ta-ble dev-ils and we've on-ly be gun, We're out for fun.

ENTR'ACTE.



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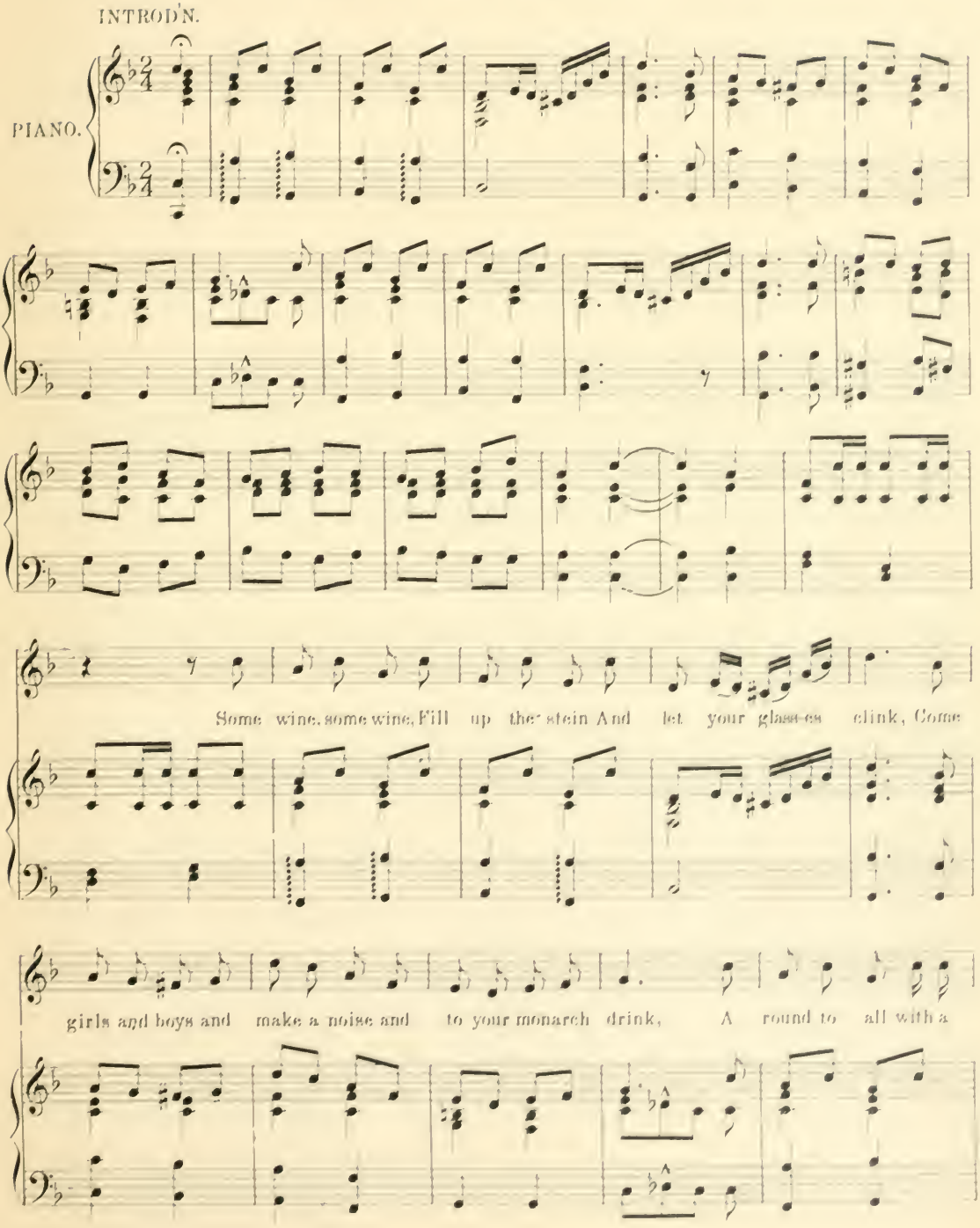
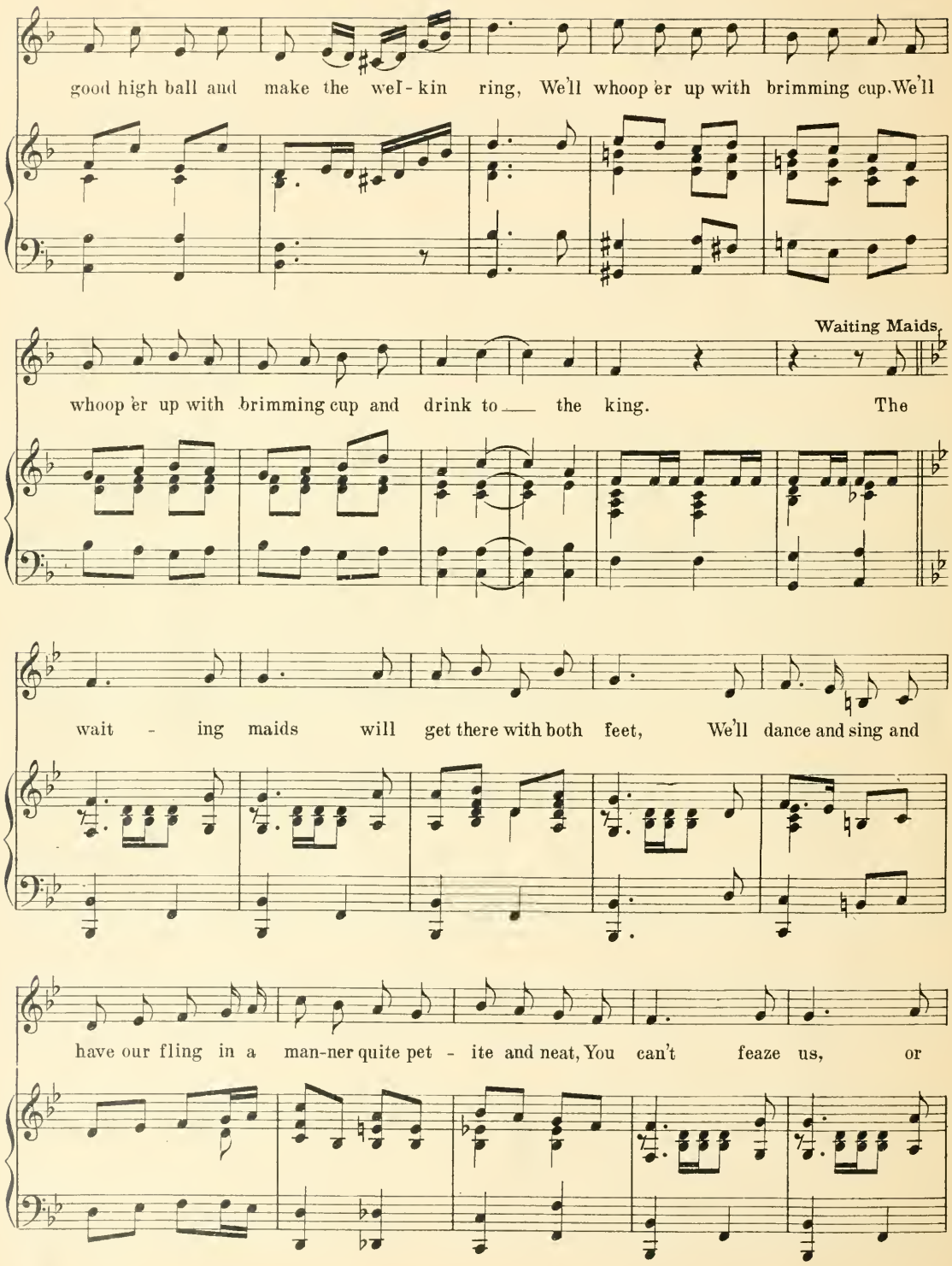
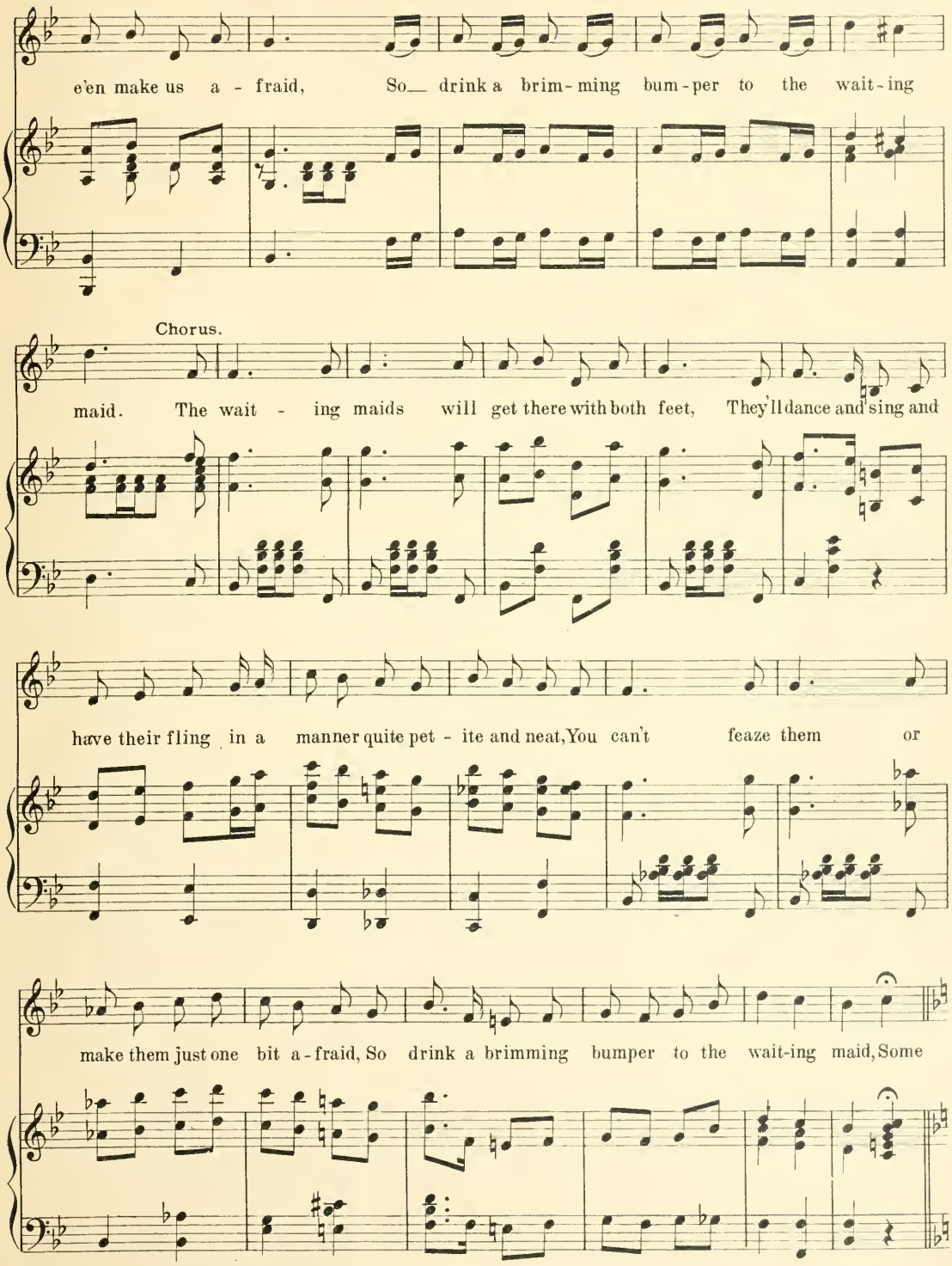
3
3

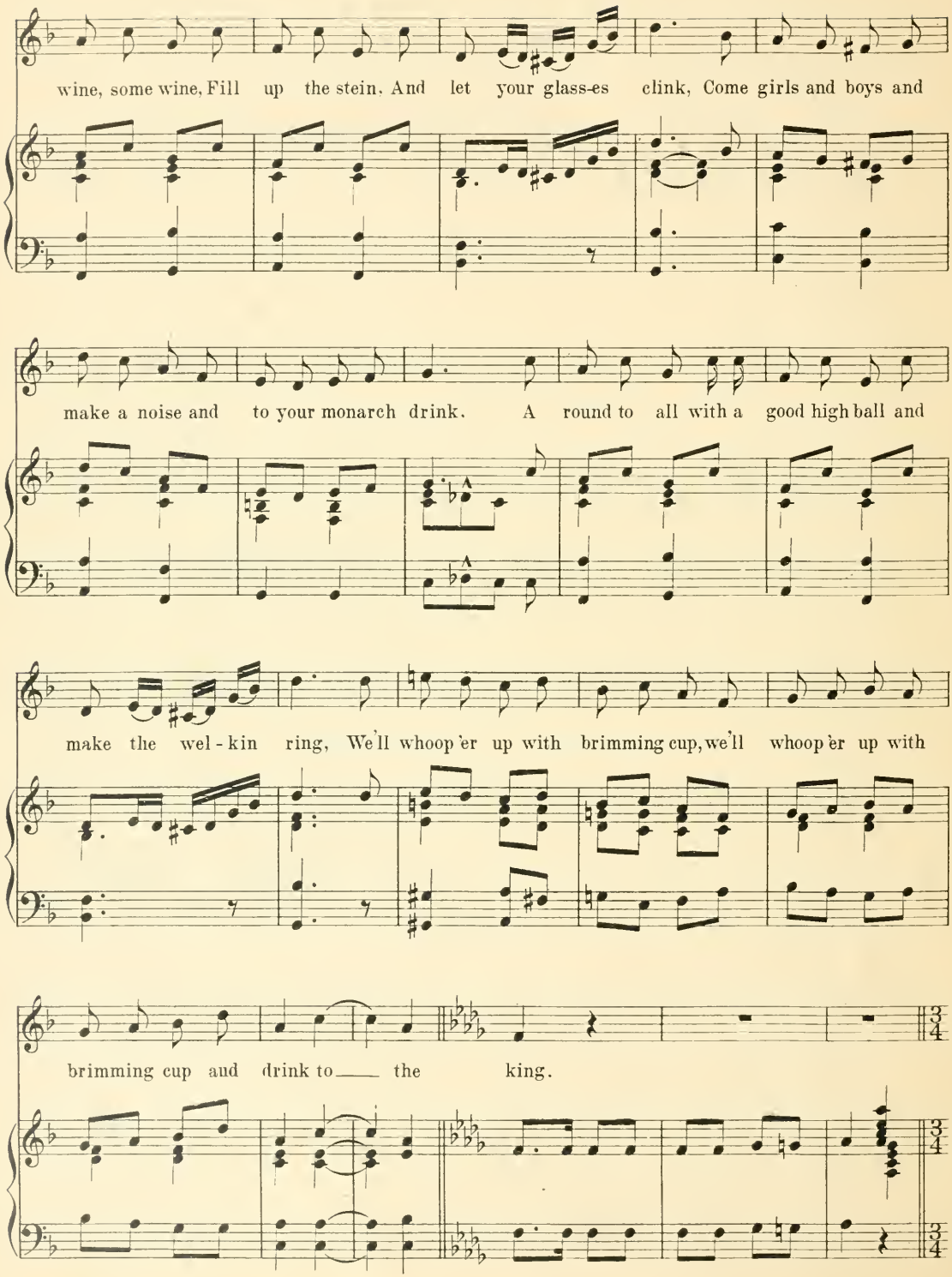
Opening Chorus Act II.

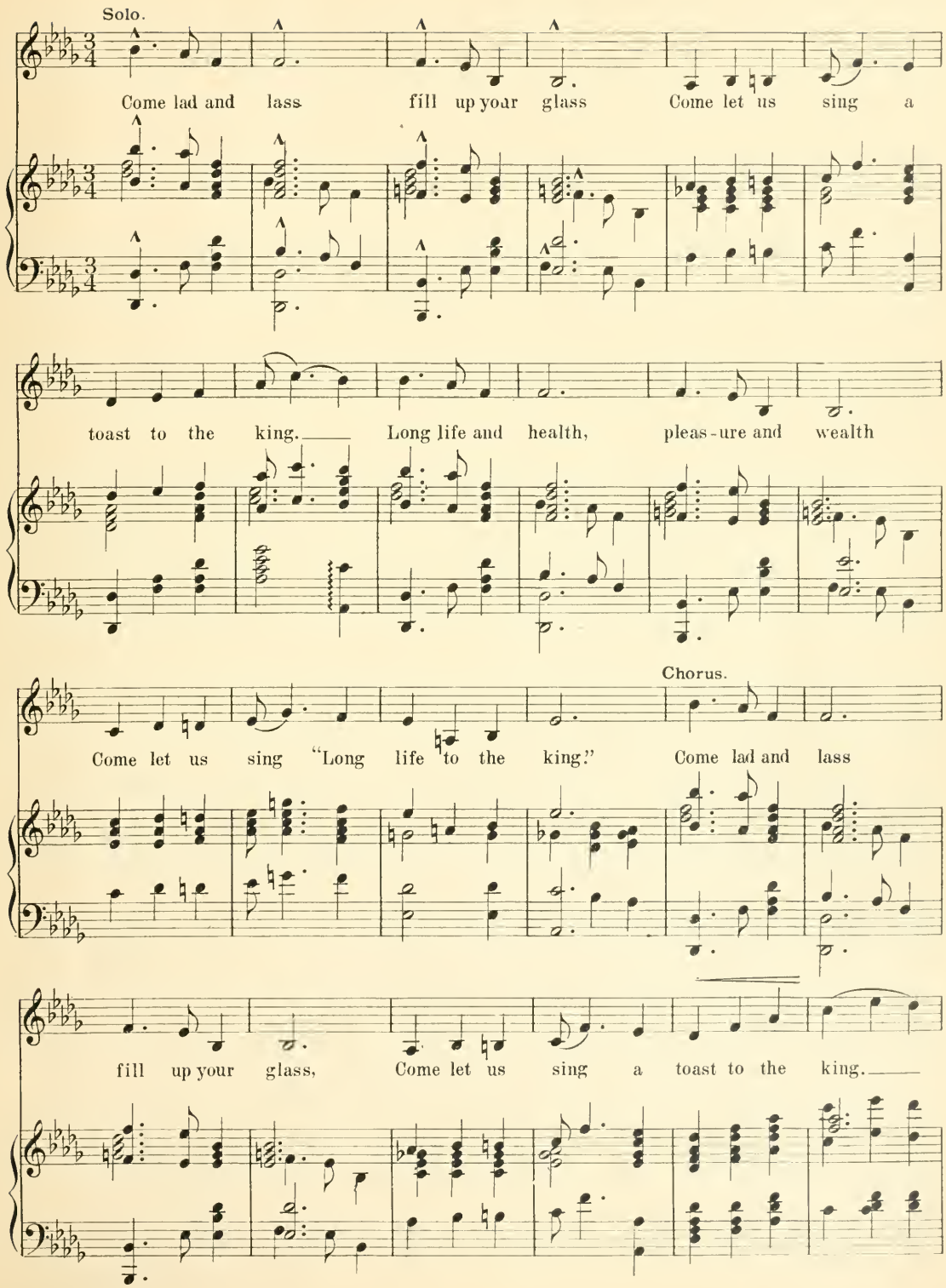
SOME WINE! SOME WINE!

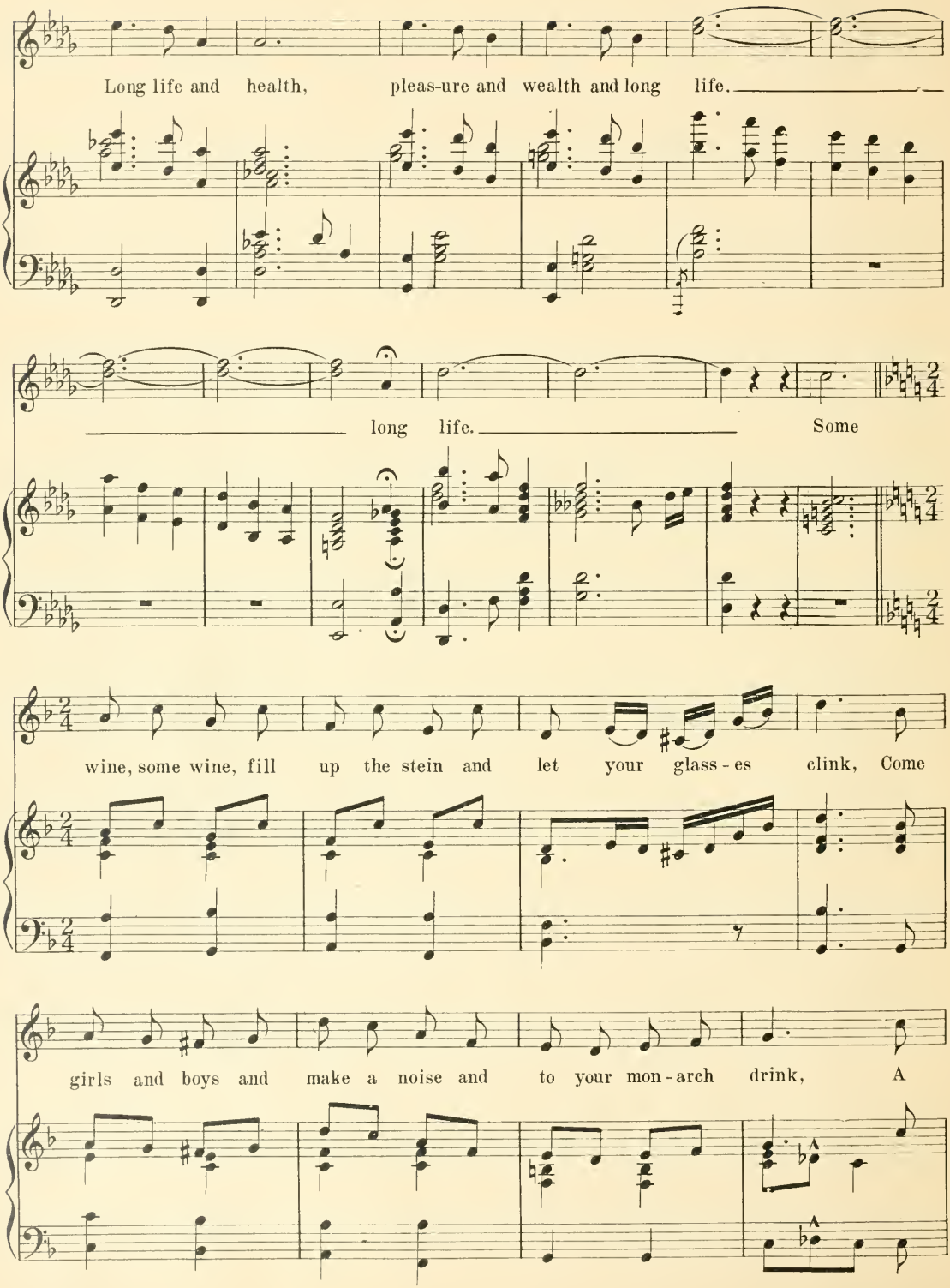


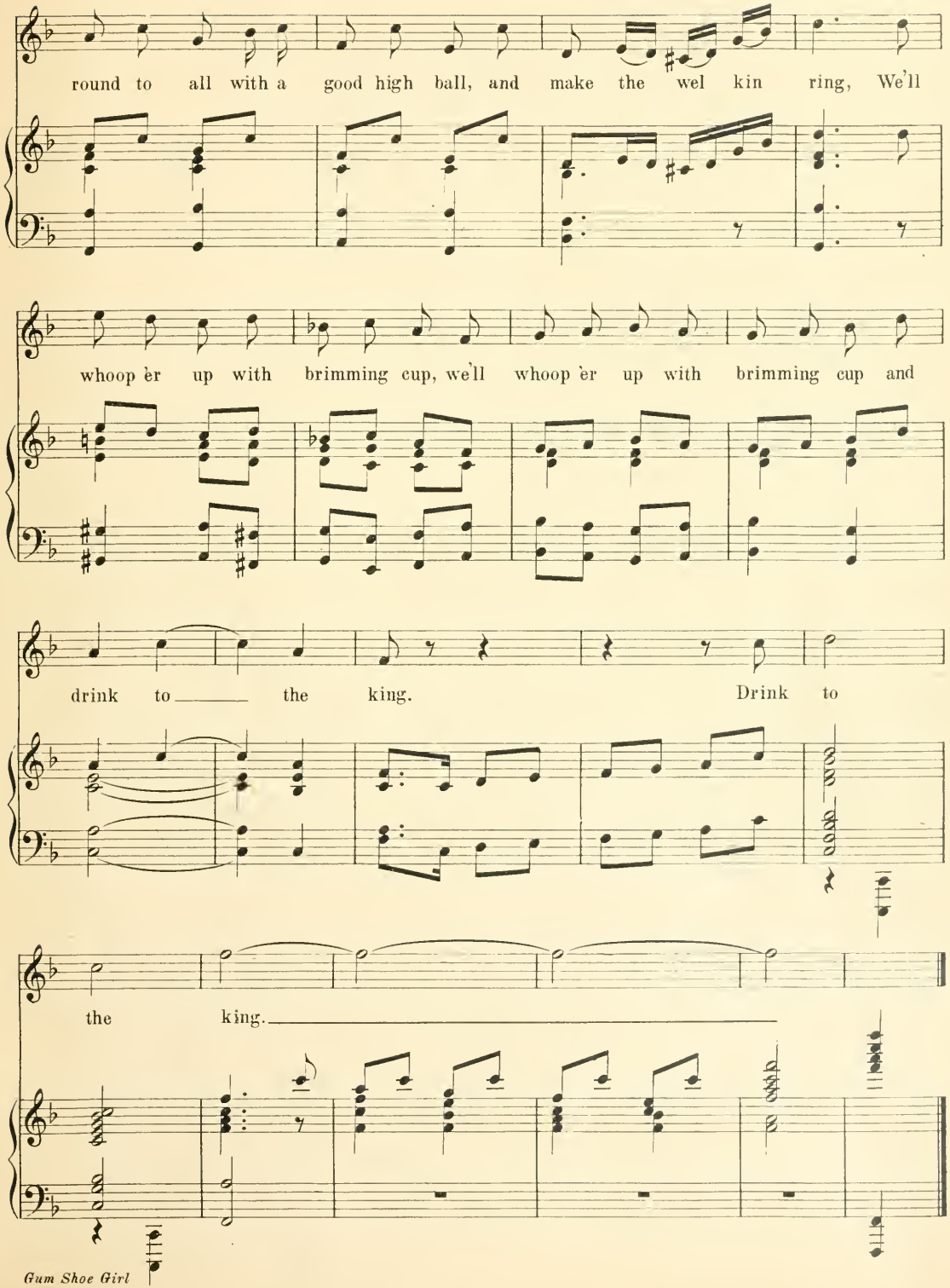

good high ball and make the wel-kin ring, We'll whoop 'er up with brimming cup. We'll
Waiting Maids.
whoop 'er up with brimming cup and drink to the king. The
wait - ing maids will get there with both feet, We'll dance and sing and
have our fling in a man-ner quite pet - ite and neat, You can't feaze us, or


e'en make us a - fraid, So drink a brim-ming bum-per to the wait-ing
Chorus.
maid. The wait - ing maids will get there with both feet, They'll dance and sing and
have their fling in a manner quite pet - ite and neat, You can't feaze them or
make them just one bit a-fraid, So drink a brimming bumper to the wait-ing maid, Some


wine, some wine, Fill up the stein. And let your glass-es clink, Come girls and boys and
make a noise and to your monarch drink. A round to all with a good high ball and
make the wel-kin ring, We'll whoop 'er up with brimming cup, we'll whoop 'er up with
brimming cup and drink to the king.


Solo.
Come lad and lass fill up your glass Come let us sing a
toast to the king. Long life and health, pleas-ure and wealth
Chorus.
Come let us sing "Long life to the king." Come lad and lass
fill up your glass, Come let us sing a toast to the king.

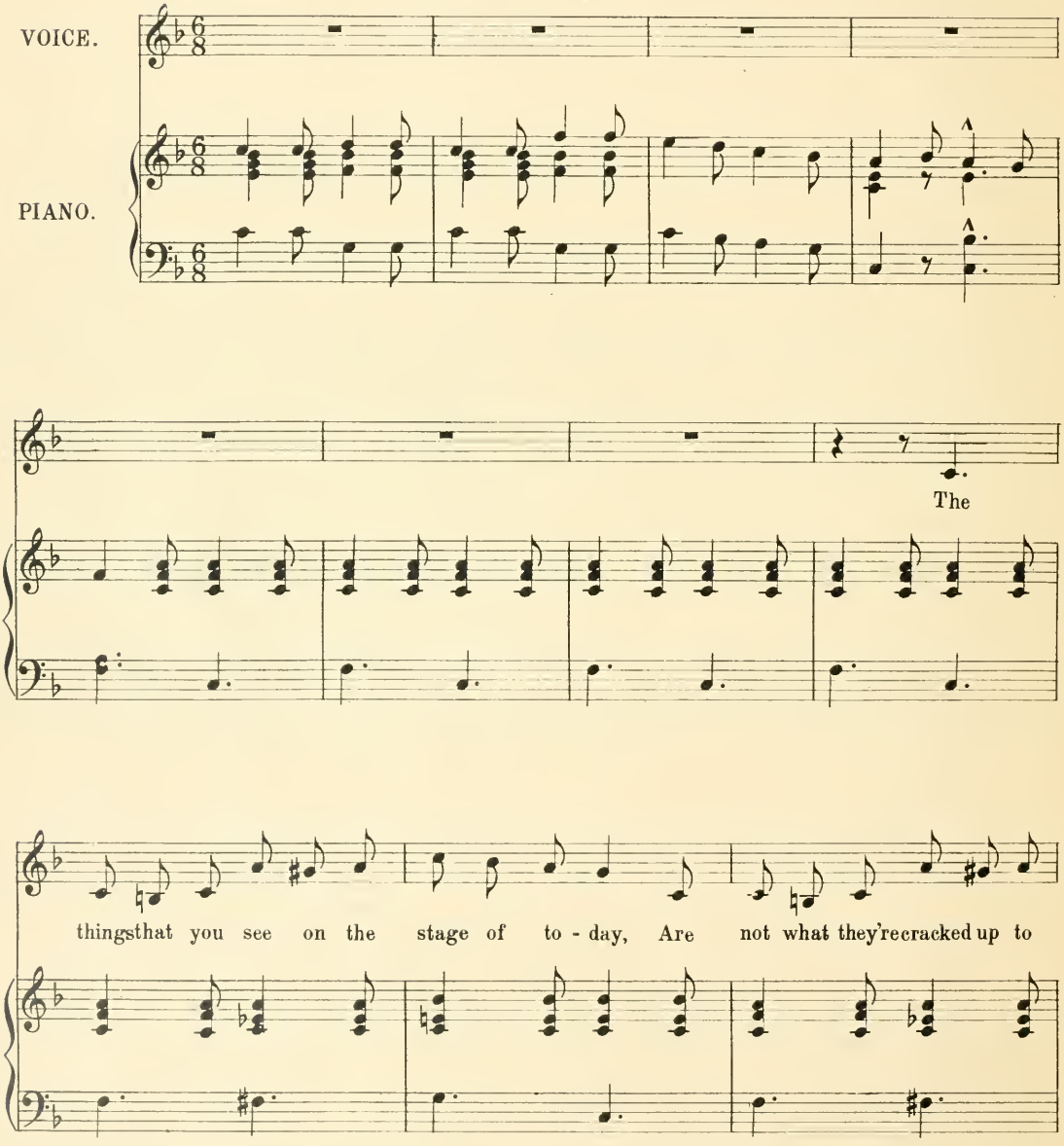

Long life and health, pleas-ure and wealth and long life.
long life. Some
wine, some wine, fill up the stein and let your glass-es clink, Come
girls and boys and make a noise and to your mon-arch drink, A

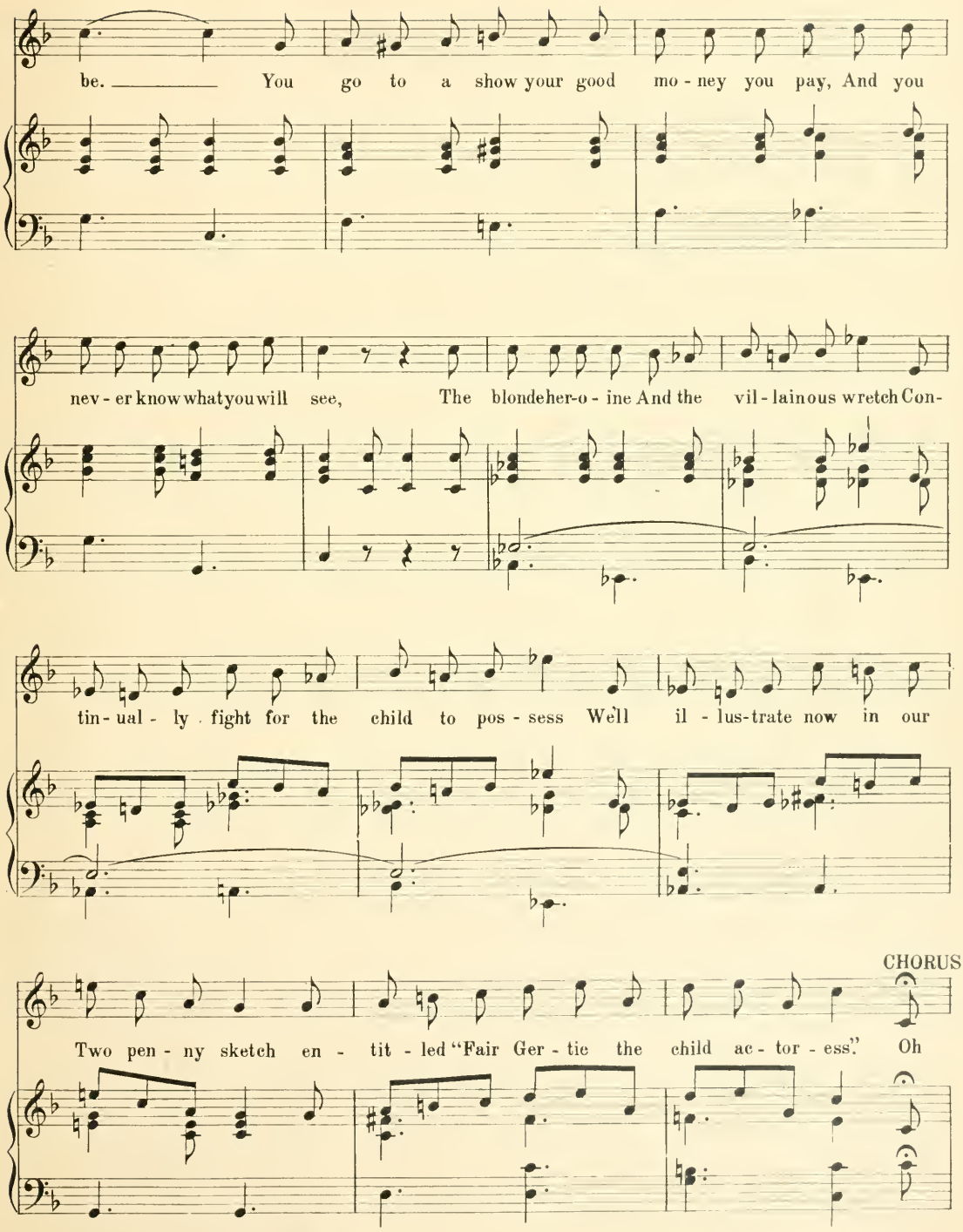

round to all with a good high ball, and make the wel kin ring, We'll
whoop 'er up with brimming cup, we'll whoop 'er up with brimming cup and
drink to the king. Drink to
the king.

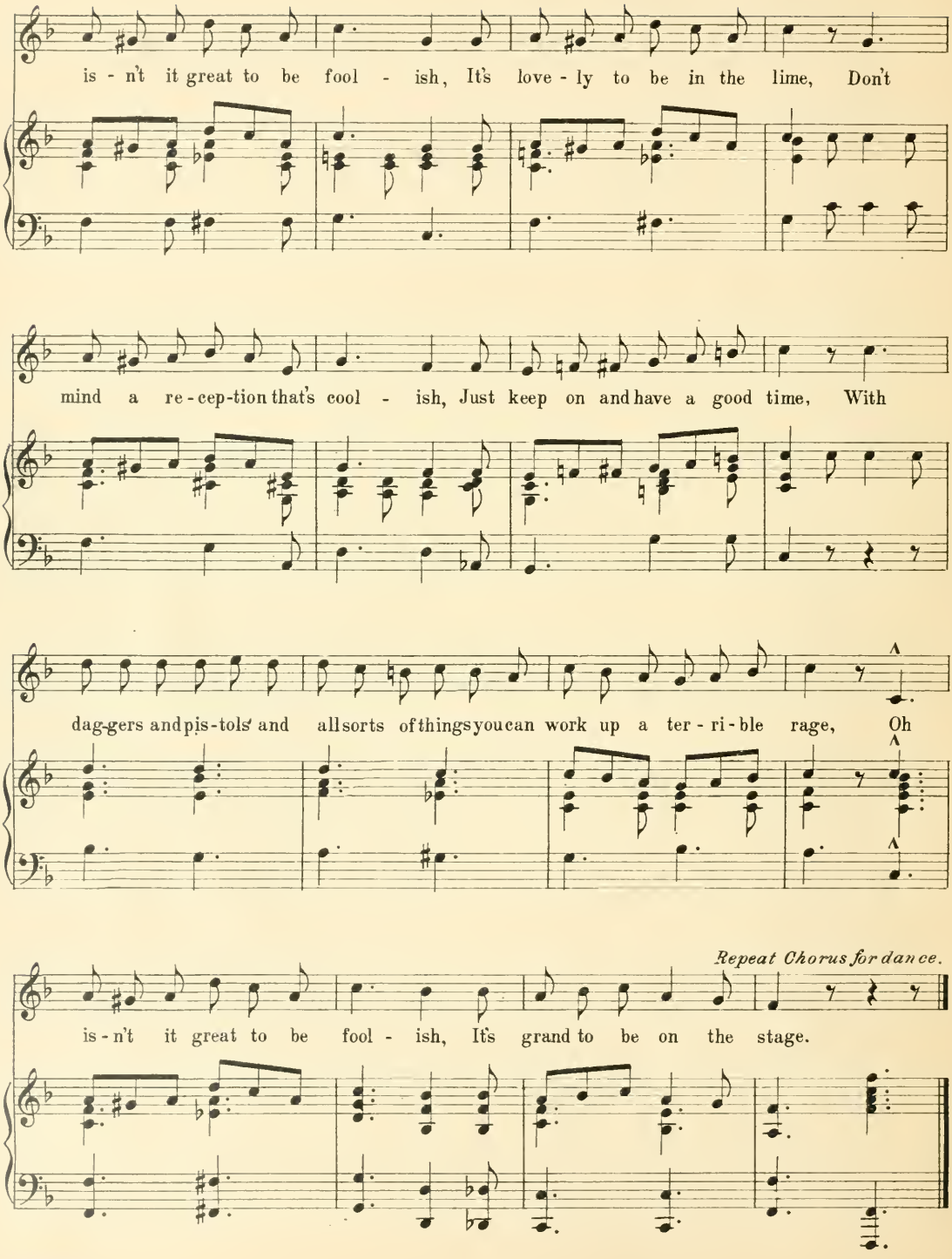
ISN'T IT GREAT TO BE FOOLISH.

(John Oilyboy Sr. John Oilyboy Jr. & Mrs. Astoria.)

Words and Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.



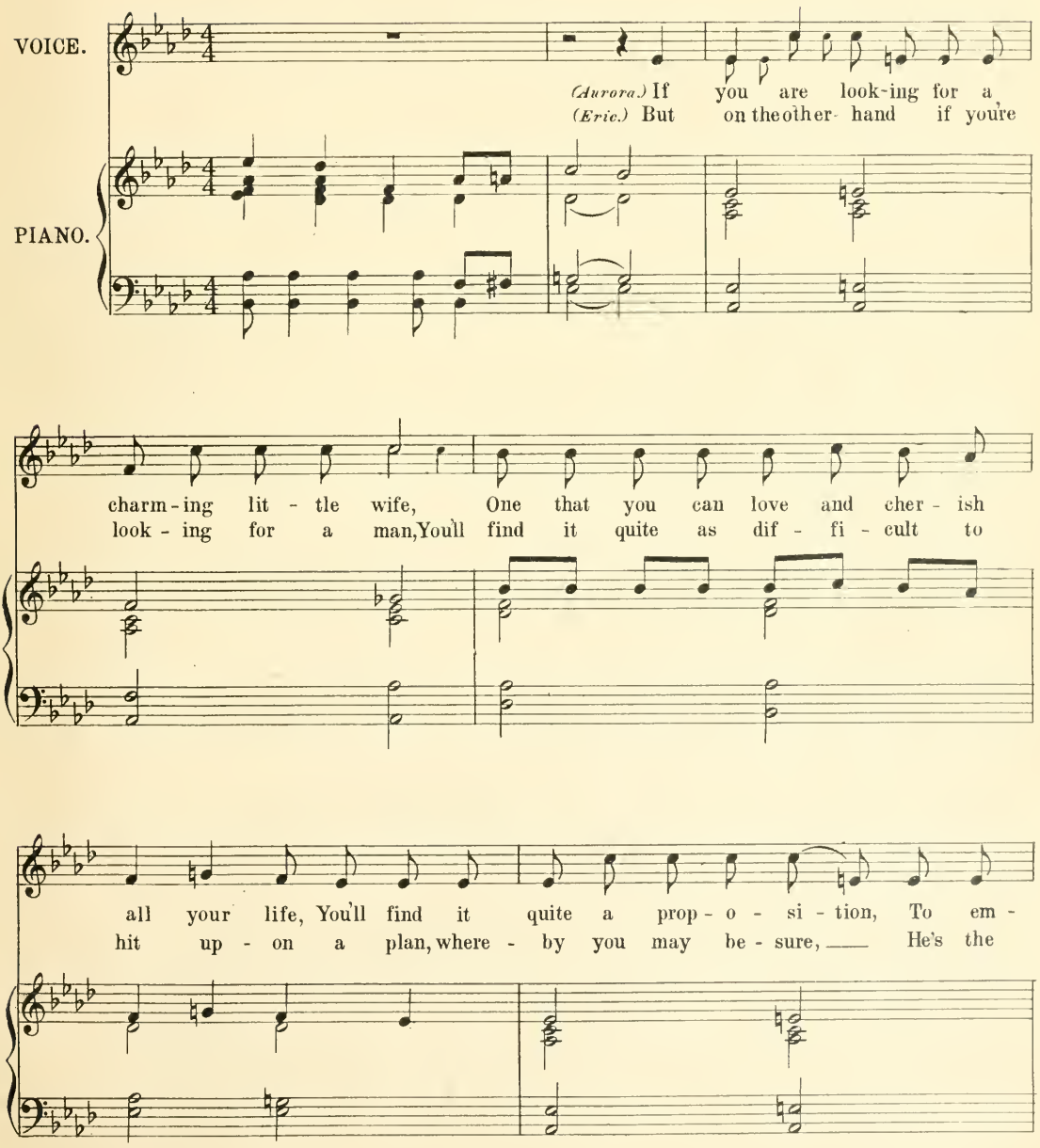

be. You go to a show your good mo - ney you pay, And you
nev - er know what you will see, The blonde her-o - ine And the vil - lainous wretch Con-
tin - ual - ly fight for the child to pos - sess We'll il - lus-trate now in our
CHORUS
Two pen - ny sketch en - tit - led "Fair Ger - tie the child ac - tor - ess." Oh

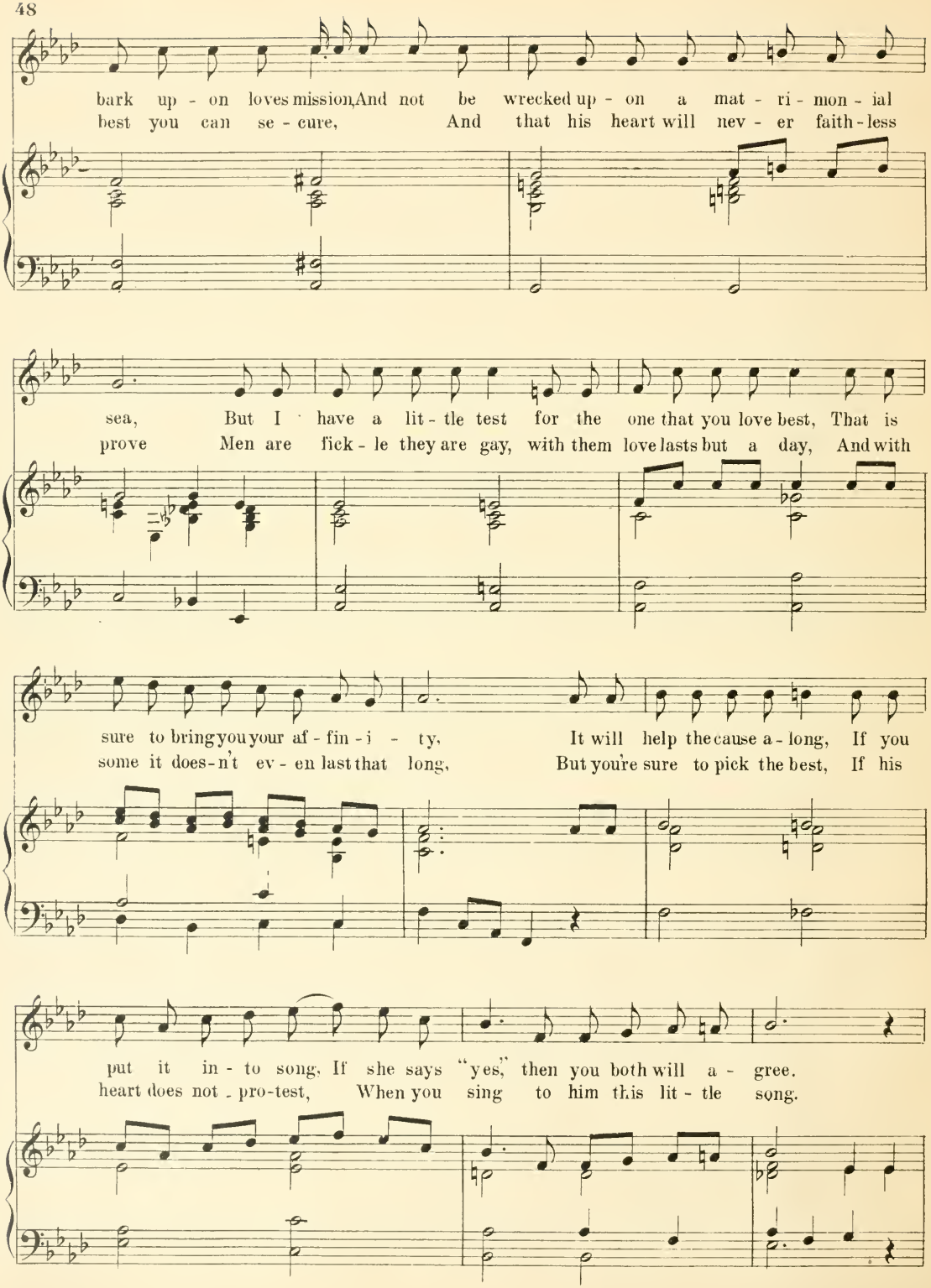

is - n't it great to be fool - ish, It's love - ly to be in the lime, Don't
mind a re - cep-tion that's cool - ish, Just keep on and have a good time, With
dag-gers and pis-tols and all sorts of things you can work up a ter - ri - ble rage, Oh
Repeat Chorus for dance.
is - n't it great to be fool - ish, It's grand to be on the stage.

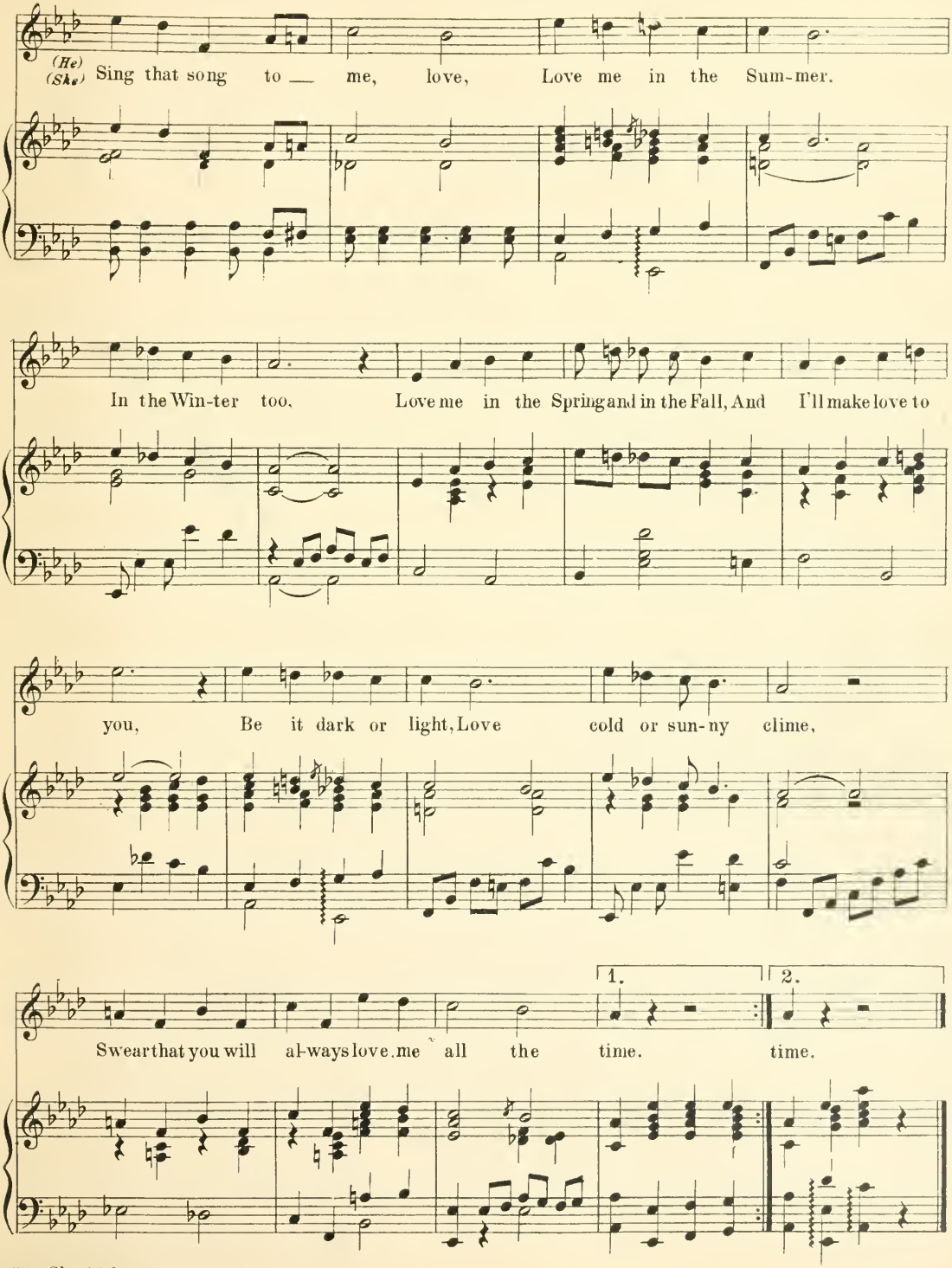
LOVE ME IN THE SUMMER.

(Aurora & Eric.)

Words and Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.




bark up - on loves mission, And not be wrecked up - on a mat - ri - mon - ial
best you can se - cure, And that his heart will nev - er faith - less
sea, But I have a lit - tle test for the one that you love best, That is
prove Men are fick - le they are gay, with them love lasts but a day, And with
sure to bring you your af - fin - i - ty, It will help the cause a - long, If you
some it does - n't ev - en last that long, But you're sure to pick the best, If his
put it in - to song, If she says "yes," then you both will a - gree.
heart does not pro - test, When you sing to him this lit - tle song.

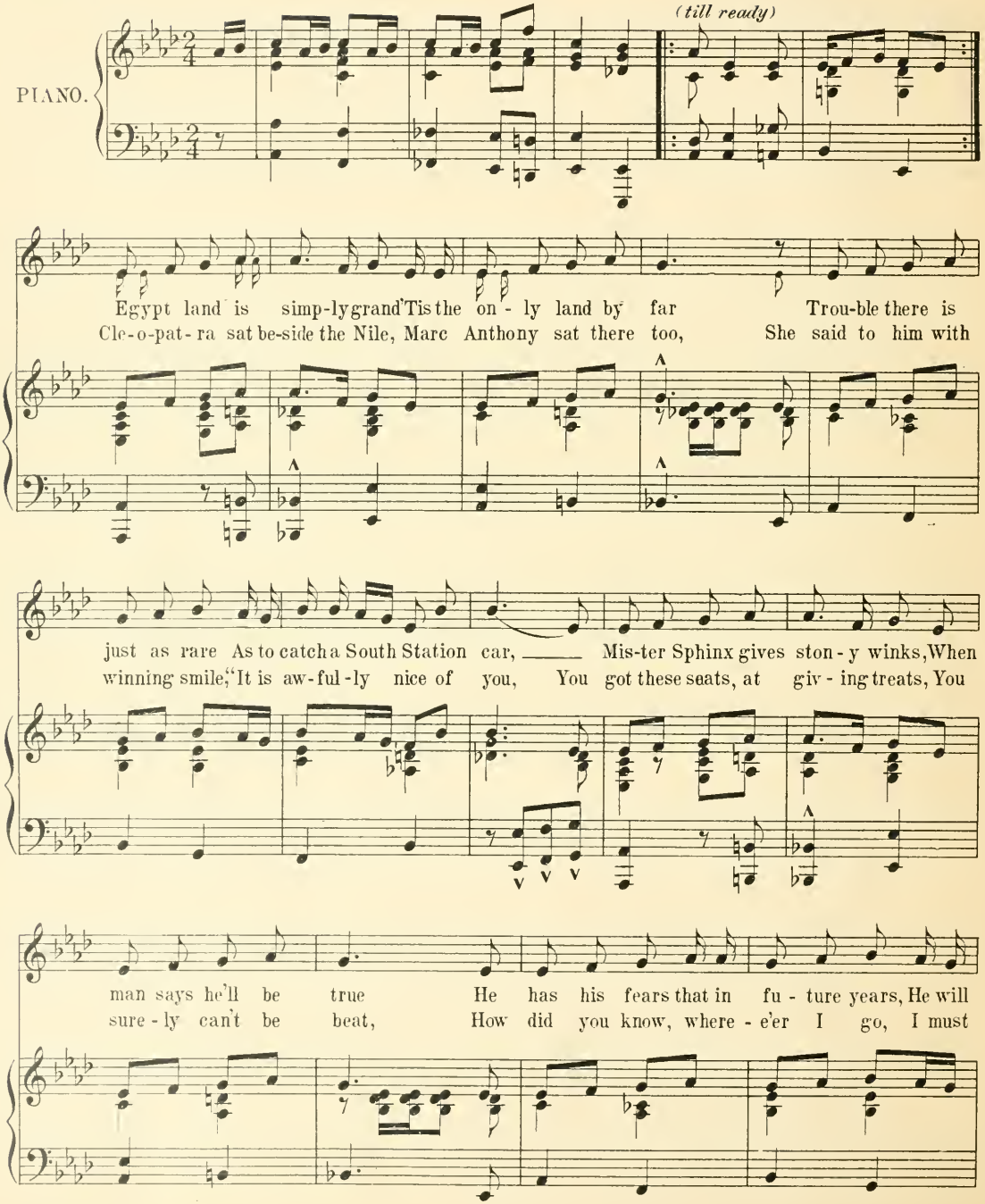

(He) (She) Sing that song to me, love, Love me in the Sum-mer.
In the Win-ter too, Love me in the Spring and in the Fall, And I'll make love to
you, Be it dark or light, Love cold or sun-ny clime,
1.
2.
Swear that you will al-ways love me all the time. time.

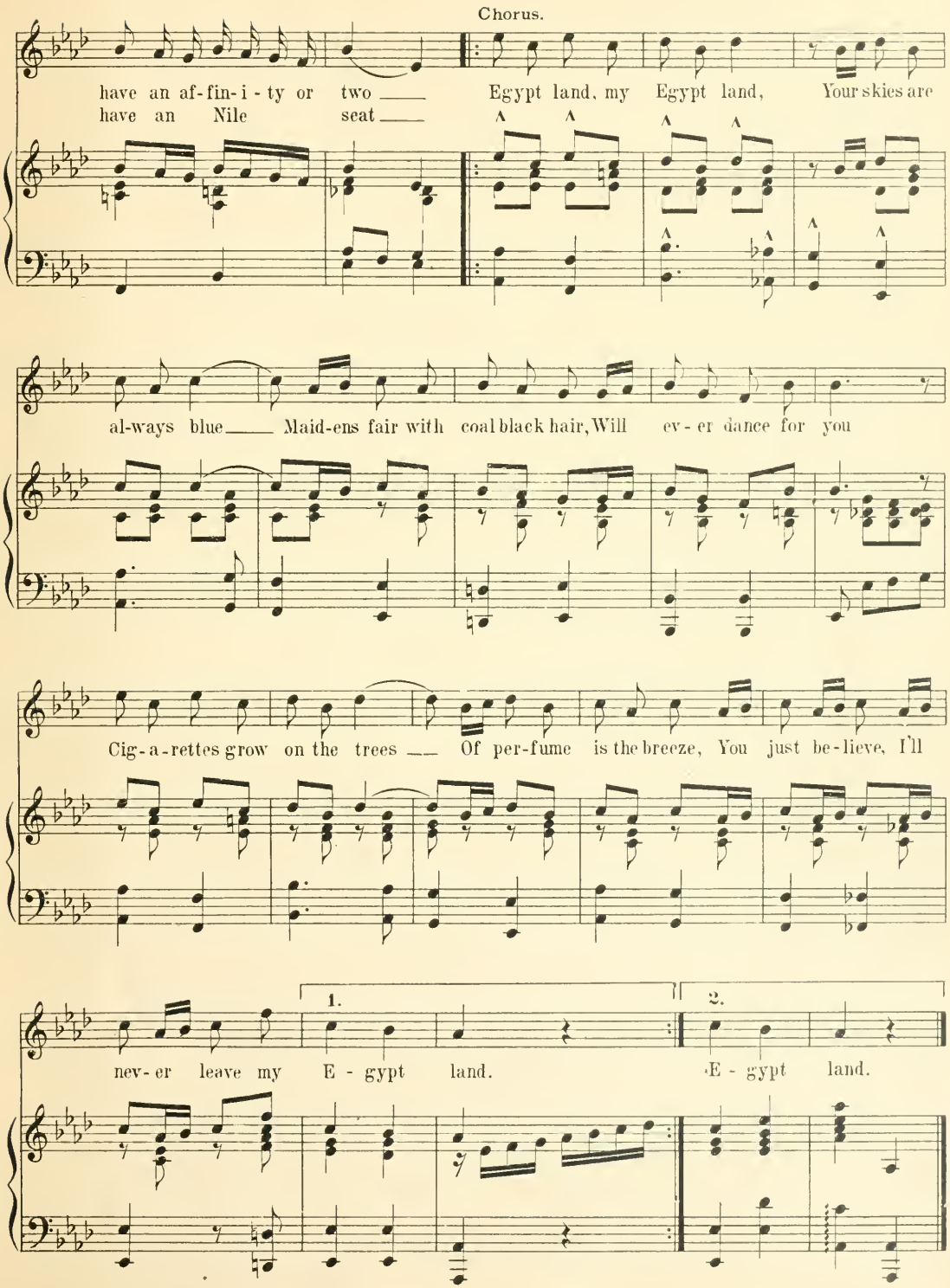
EGYPT LAND.

(The Gum-Shoe Girl)

Words by F. C.

Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.




Chorus.
have an af-fin-i-ty or two
have an Nile seat
Egypt land, my Egypt land, Your skies are
al-ways blue Maid-ens fair with coal black hair, Will ev-er dance for you
Cig-a-rettes grow on the trees Of per-fume is the breeze, You just be-lieve, I'll
1.
2.
nev-er leave my E-gypt land.
E-gypt land.

DAINTY LITTLE BUNCH OF SKIRTS.

(Gum-Shoe Girl & John Oilyboy Sr.)

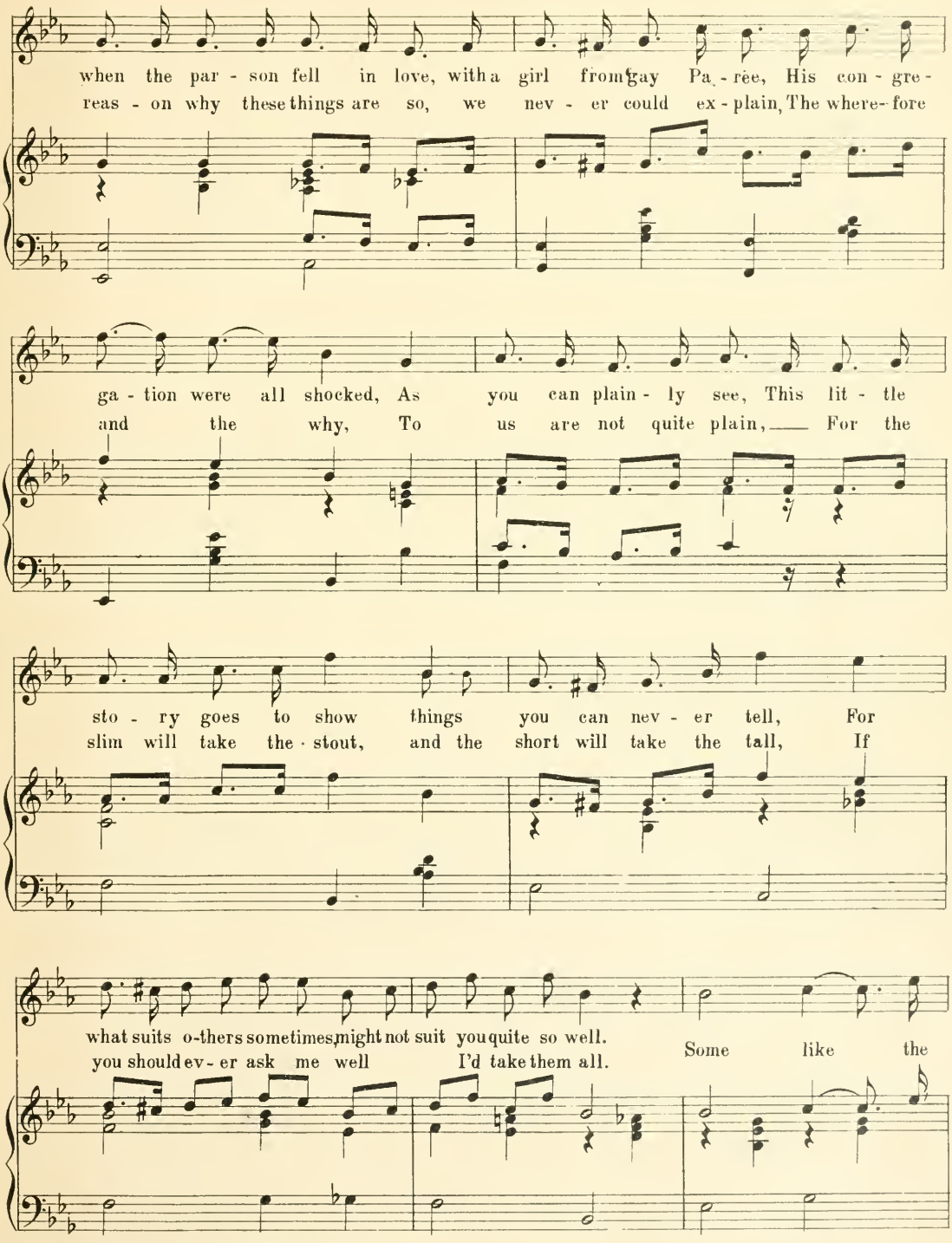
Words and Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.

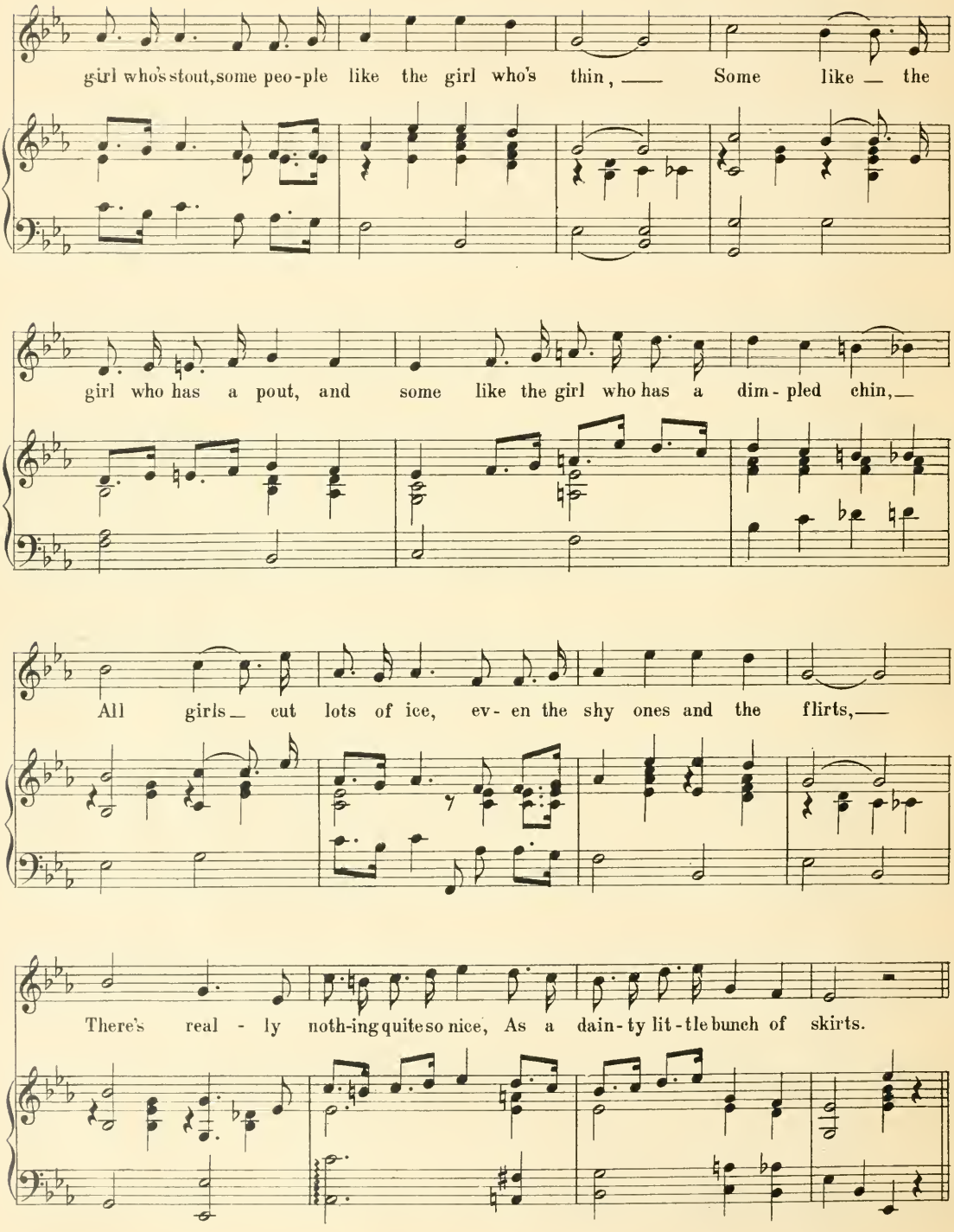
PIANO.

(She) When Mis - ter Smith be-came engaged to Ar- a - bel - la Fink, The peo-ple
(He) Why is it that a man who measures ov - er sev - en feet, Will take a

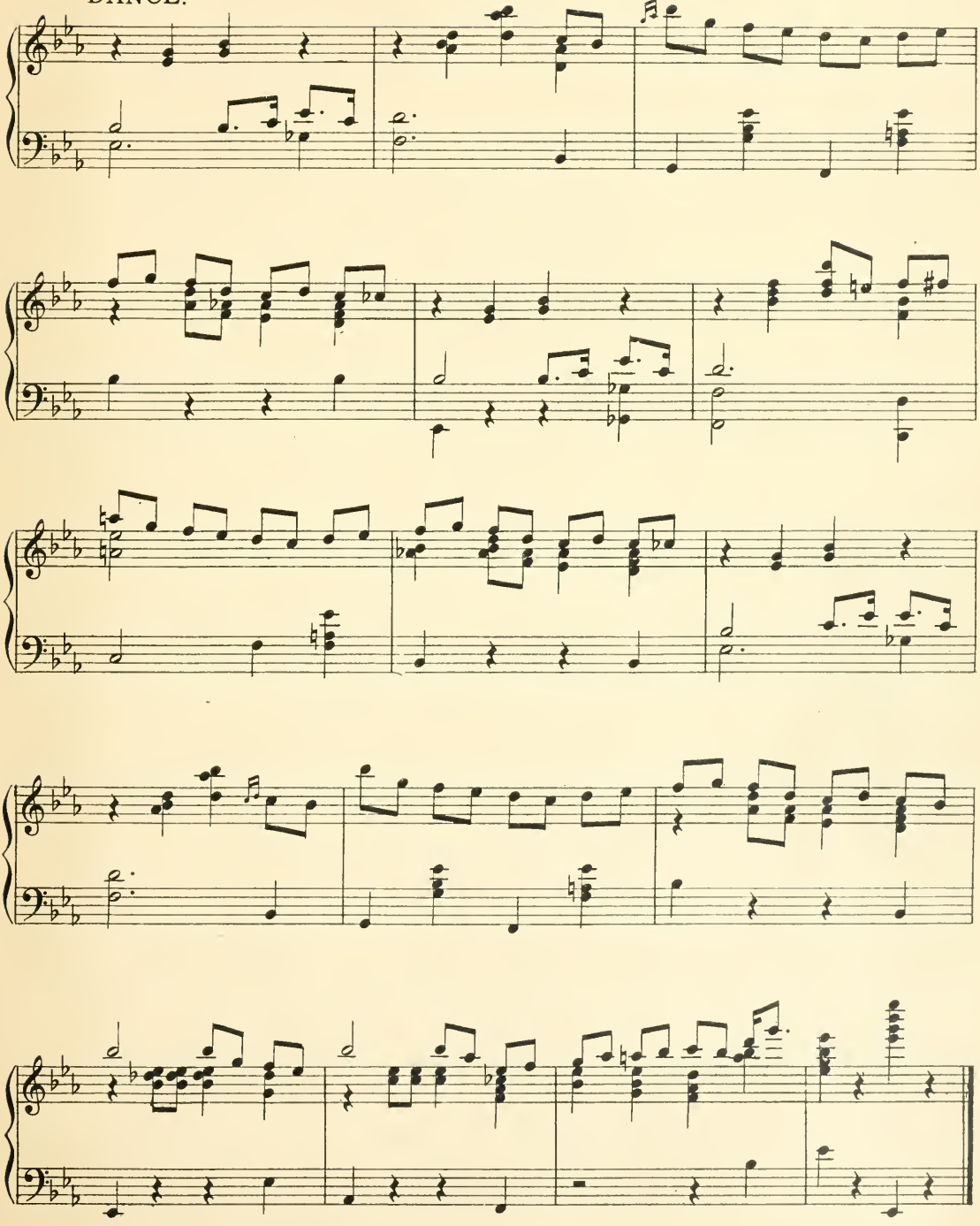
in our neighborhood all began to think, What can he see in such a fright She
fan - cy to a dame who is dain - ty and pet-ite, And tell me why the wom - an, Who is

is an aw-ful mess, Her hair is red, her teeth are false and how that girl does dress, And
ve - ry cor - pu-lent, Will al-ways be at-trac-ted by the lan - ky kind of Gent, The


when the par - son fell in love, with a girl from gay Pa - rée, His con - gre-
reas - on why these things are so, we nev - er could ex - plain, The where-fore
ga - tion were all shocked, As you can plain - ly see, This lit - tle
and the why, To us are not quite plain, For the
sto - ry goes to show things you can nev - er tell, For
slim will take the stout, and the short will take the tall, If
what suits o-thers sometimes might not suit you quite so well.
you should ev - er ask me well I'd take them all.
Some like the

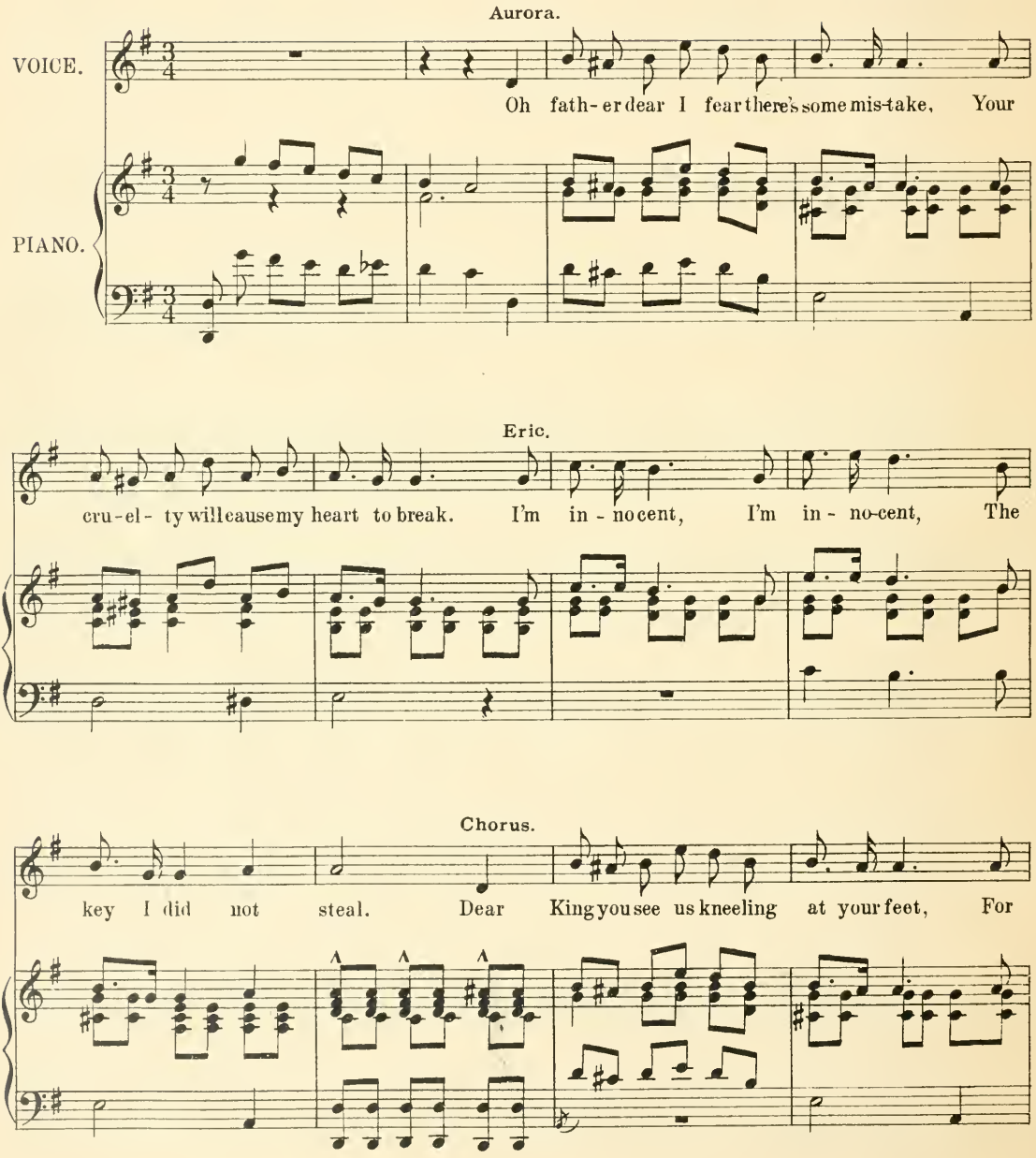

girl who's stout, some peo-ple like the girl who's thin, — Some like — the
girl who has a pout, and some like the girl who has a dim-pled chin, —
All girls — cut lots of ice, ev-en the shy ones and the flirts, —
There's real-ly noth-ing quite so nice, As a dain-ty lit-tle bunch of skirts.

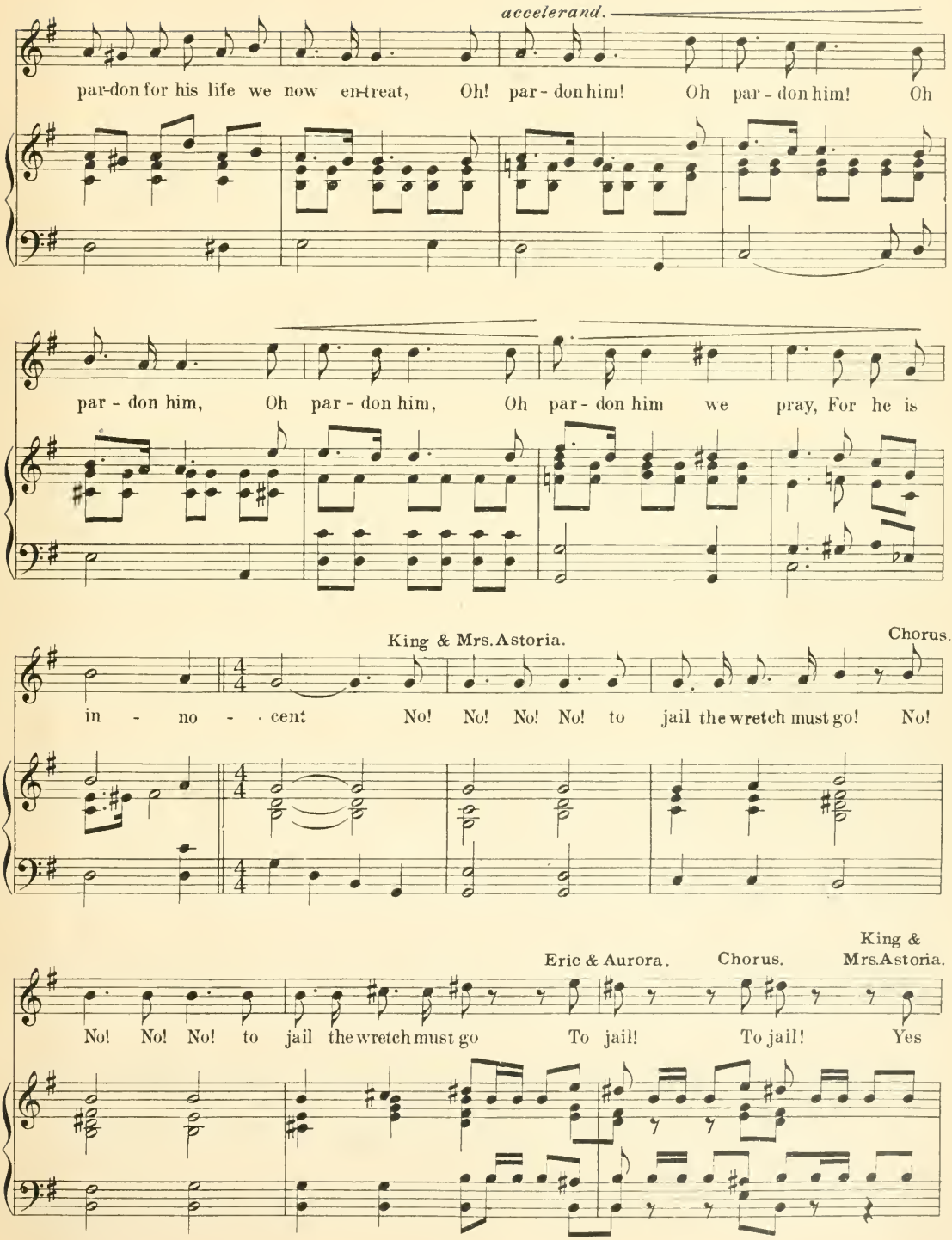
DANCE.

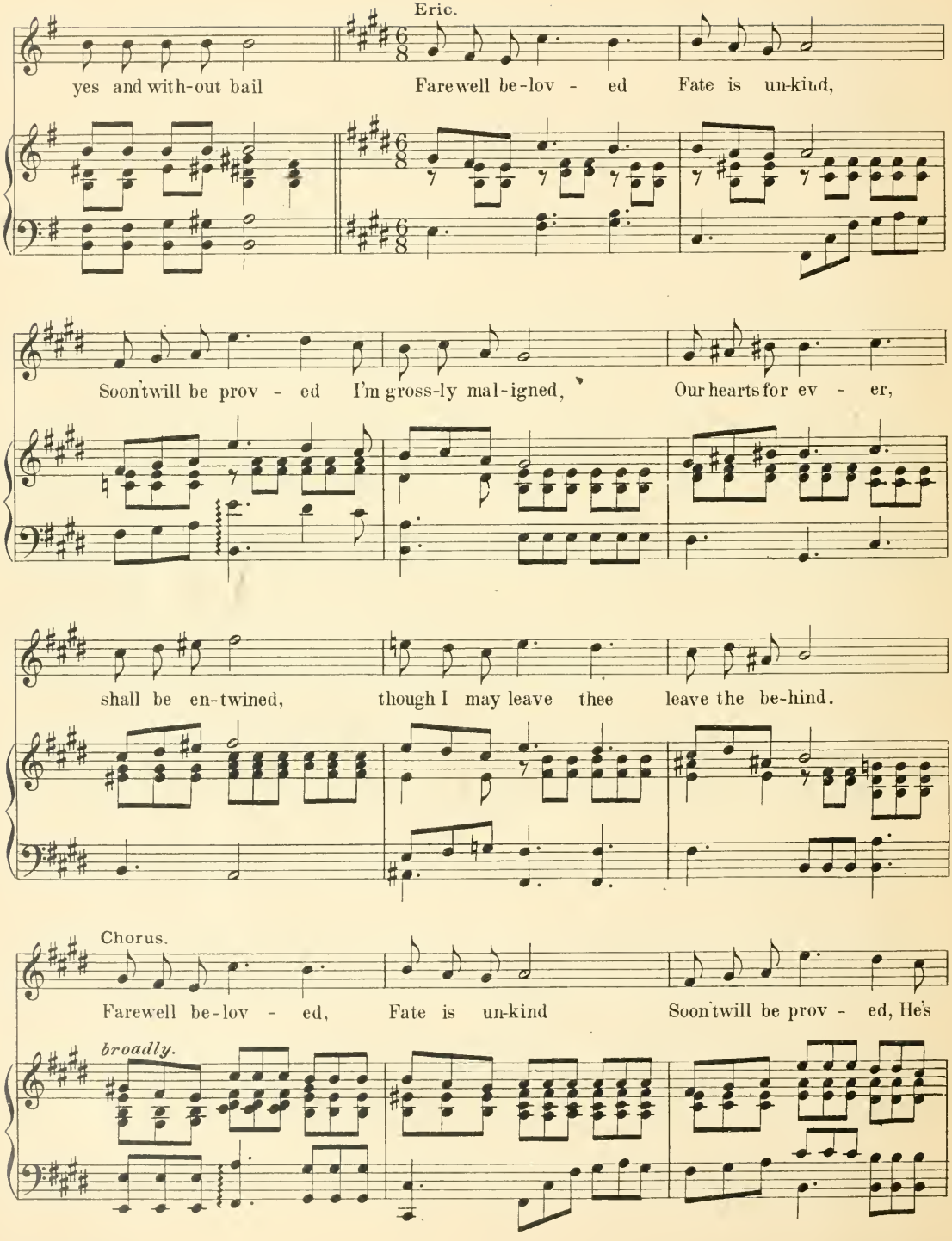


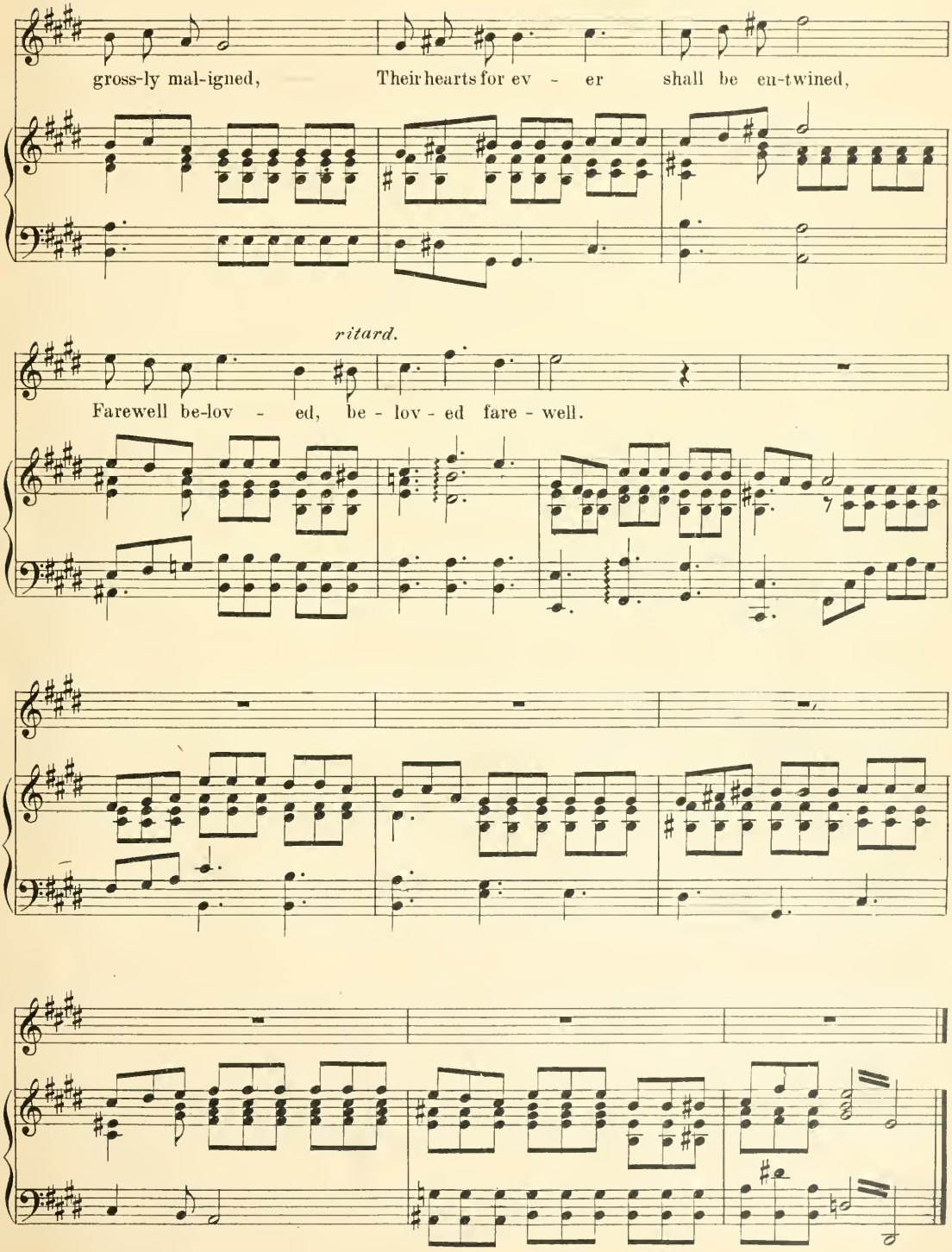
ENSEMBLE.

Words and Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.

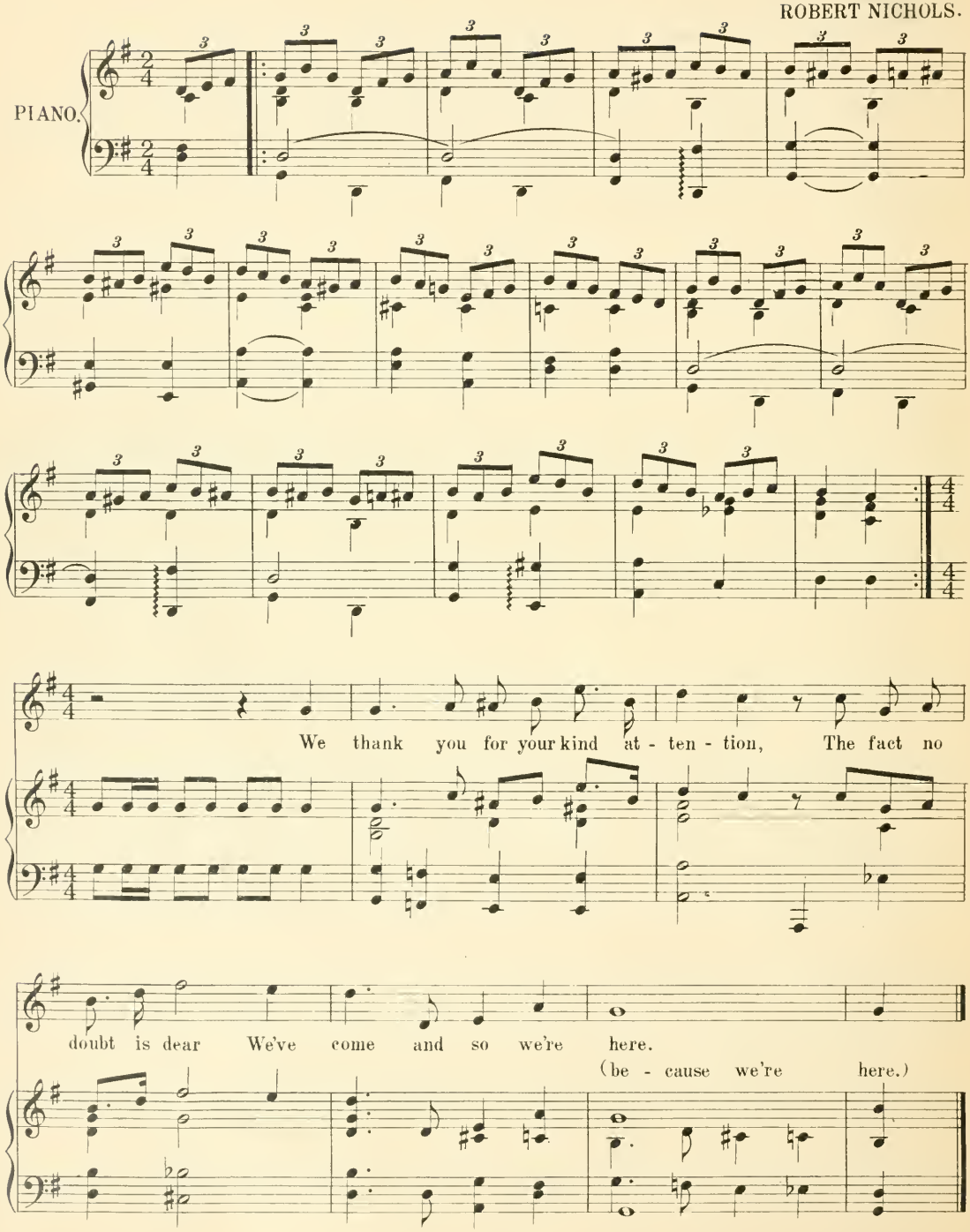



accelerand.
par-don for his life we now en-treat, Oh! par - don him! Oh par - don him! Oh
par - don him, Oh par - don him, Oh par - don him we pray, For he is
King & Mrs. Astoria.
Chorus.
in - no - cent No! No! No! No! to jail the wretch must go! No!
Eric & Aurora.
Chorus.
King & Mrs. Astoria.
No! No! No! to jail the wretch must go To jail! To jail! Yes


Eric.
yes and with-out bail
Farewell be-lov - ed
Fate is un-kind,
Soon'twill be prov - ed
I'm gross-ly mal-igned,
Our hearts for ev - er,
shall be en-twined,
though I may leave thee
leave the be-hind.
Chorus.
Farewell be-lov - ed,
Fate is un-kind
Soon'twill be prov - ed, He's
broadly.


gross-ly mal-igned, Their hearts for ev - er shall be en-twined,
ritard.
Farewell be-lov - ed, be - lov - ed fare - well.

Words and Music by
ROBERT NICHOLS.



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